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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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For the Register.

BIBLE THEOSOPHY. NO. XIV.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

In other words, the difference of the Law *from the Gospel*; of the covenant of Works, *from the covenant* of Faith and Grace. That there is an important distinction between the one and the other of these, none, probably, will deny or doubt. But a clear and just exposition of the points of difference between them has not, perhaps, been often given.

The primitive Gentile Christians, having embraced the Gospel of Christ on its own evidence, were exceedingly perplexed when they became acquainted with the Old Testament. The God of the Jews seemed to them to be a very different Being from the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. There were, also, many personages, customs and transgressions in it, which appeared very exceptionable both in regard to their morality and truth. To obviate these difficulties, they resorted to the *allegorical* mode of interpretation. This assumption was adopted extensively by all; and by many it was carried out to an extreme of extravagance and wildness. We have a specimen of it in the '*Epistle of Barnabas*', written about A. D., 140. Not only the narrative of personal incidents, but the law itself of Moses, was regarded as essentially *a type*, having little or no literal *meaning* or value, but artfully contrived to adumbrate the doctrines and the facts of Christianity; that the real intention of the commands to offer sacrifices, to keep the Sabbath, practice circumcision and pay tithes, was, not that the Jews should really *do* these things, but, to prefigure the realities of the Gospel. And much of this fanciful doctrine has been transmitted, through every intervening generation, down to the present day. The existing orthodoxy of our times makes great account of *the doctrine of types*. It assumes that God instituted the sacrificial altar to be a type of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ; that Judaism, *as a whole*, was but *a shadow*, of which Christianity is *the substance*; that there was no value in the former except what is derived from the latter.

Though the *wild extravagance* of this mode of Scriptural interpretation has passed away, yet a great measure of it has been continued and is still retained. Though Moses, holding up his hands, on the mount, while the battle between Israel and Amalek was being fought, is not now insisted upon as being *the designed symbol* of Jesus on the cross, as it is declared to have been in the 'Epistle of Barnabas'; yet, we are still taught to believe, that the work of Noah was a designed type of the Christian plan of salvation; that Abraham lifting up his son on the altar was a designed type of God, giving His Son to die *in behalf of mankind*; that the brazen serpent, placed on a pole, was contrived for the purpose of typifying Jesus, our Lord, suspended on the cross; and that the whole paraphernalia of Jewish sacrifices, passover, oblations, abstinences, cities of refuge, Sabbath, scape-goat, etc., were ordained for the very end of prefiguring the future phenomena of the Gospel. We, however, repudiate the whole doctrine. We protest against the assumption that any part or particle of Judaism was *designedly* typical and for future use. On the contrary, we hold that all the Mosaical institutions and patriarchal usages were designed *to answer the wants* of the time 'then present', were adapted to the exigences of the people to whom they were given and who practised them. What an unreasonable and improbable hypothesis, that God gave the Israelites ordinances which they could not understand! Gave them, not for the profit of that people, who bore the burden of them, but for the mere satisfaction of distantly future generations? Would such a procedure either manifest or magnify the wisdom and goodness of God?

But it is answered that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has set the example and justified the principle of typical interpretation. We admit the employment of historical facts as types and symbols, *for the purpose of illustration*. In this sense 'the waters of Noah', 'the tabernacle of witness', 'the ark of the testimony', 'the smoking altar and the slain victims', were types of Christian realities. And to any other sense, we utterly demur. And even if the writer of the 'Epistle to the Hebrews' intended to employ those Scriptural facts as types in a higher sense, we should decline a submission to him as an infallible authority. We believe, however, that if we understand the Apostle Paul as intending to teach that Abraham's two wives were *designed* to prefigure; the one, mount Horeb; and the other, mount Zion; we should do but small justice to his intellect and judgment.

In what, then, *does* consist the difference between the Old Testament and the New; between Judaism and Christianity? Were it required of us to express this difference in one word, we should say, that the former is a book of *rules*; the latter, a book of *principles*; that the one gives us *precepts and laws* to make us righteous; the other describes the *motives and the spirit* in which alone righteousness consists. In making this declaration we would be understood as speaking in *general* terms. We are aware that the Old Testament contains many *principles*, and that the New gives numerous *precepts*. Yet the prevalent character of the two documents is, that the one is *prescriptively legal*; the other, *internally spiritual*. Moses prescribes a set of *rules* for the regulation of overt acts, and says to every man, keep these rules and you are righteous, holy, accepted of God. The Lord Jesus makes little account of these rules and tells his hearers to act from *motives* of uprightness, humility, pureness of heart, benvolence toward man and of veneration for God, in order to fulfil all righteousness. Have good motives, possess a good heart, and 'behold, all things are clean unto you.' The Evangelist well expresses the distinction now before us when he says, 'For *the law* was given by Moses, but *grace and truth* came by Jesus Christ.'

According to the doctrine of Christ, *he who is actuated by a right spirit is a good man*. Nor can he be such, without the possession of this spirit, however punctual in the performance of outward obedience. Hence in his instructions, he never insisted upon the externals of religion. He gave no creed; prescribed no ritual; instituted no form of ecclesiastical polity. He neither enjoined, nor prohibited circumcision, sacrifices, or attendance at the temple and the synagogue. A man might be a true disciple of Jesus and yet a careful *observer* of all the Mosaic rites—provided his conscience dictated them—or equally a true disciple and yet a neglecter of all those rites, if acting conscientiously in this neglect. Of course, a man may be a true, though not a perfect disciple of Christ, and yet be a Romanist, or an Episcopalian, or a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Unitarian, a Universalist, an Ana-baptist. Christianity prescribes not the articles of faith and the forms of worship by which the different denominations of Christians are distinguished from each other. It does not recognise them, because it is a religion of *principles*; not a religion of *forms*. A man could not be a Jew unless he *did* observe days and months, meats and drinks, circumcision and sacrifice. Hence the carnal character of Judaism. Christianity is *a spirit*; Judaism was *a body*. Yet not *a dead* body. The first Adam was made a *living soul*; the second Adam, a *quickening spirit*.

Judaism was adapted to the wants of an unenlightened age and people. Rules and precepts are for the unlearned and inexperienced. Physicians of small enlightenment and experience, practise by *recipes and nostrums*. The enlightened medical man practises by *principles*. The rude and the raw in every trade and profession are governed by *rules*; and it is requisite to have rules until the man has outgrown them. 'While the heir is a child he is under tutors and governors.' His welfare requires it. There is a childhood of *the race* as well as of the individual. Moses was surpassed in spirituality by prophets who succeeded him. On the contrary, the religion of Jesus Christ was so greatly in advance of the times of his advent that the age has not yet arrived when his doctrine can be generally understood and duly appreciated. The Christian church has never been pure of the leven of external legalism. There is perhaps as much of it among Romanists and Episcopalians as there was among the Jews.

Again: Judaism contained many *discrepancies and inconsistencies*, from which Christianity is exempt. In one part of the law of Mosea is this prohibition; 'Thou shalt *not* kill.' In another it ordains that some men *shall kill* other men; that they shall kill the Sabbath-breaker, the stubborn son, the adulterous wife and other descriptions of transgressors. All this was a gross inconsistency. The sixth article of the decalogue forbids *all human bloodshed as exclusively* as the seventh forbids all adultery; the eighth, all theft; the ninth, all false testimony, and the tenth, all covetousness. There would be a manifest inconsistency in giving so partial an exposition to the commadments which forbid all adultery, all theft, all false testimony and covetousness, as to make these forbidden things venial and justifiable in numerous cases. And yet, by countenancing war and capital punishment, the sixth commandment is as plainly violated by the law itself, as it would have been by ordaining that in certain cases—and those too not very unfrequent—a man might justly defile his neighbor's wife, steal his property, covet his house and libel his good and well-deserved reputation. Furthermore; the law of Moses, enjoined the sublime precept, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' And yet it permitted *poligamy, slavery and a criminal code* that was most inhuman, bloody and barbarous. And here also was a palpable and gross discrepancy. The law of impartial love must be exclusive of all injustice, oppression and compulsive degradation.

Finally; Judaism addressed the '*self-love* and *the fears* of men; Christianity addresses their *gratitude* and *conscience*. The one appeals to their sense of *interest*; the other, to their *sense of right*. *That* spoke to their *understanding*; *this* speaks to their *heart*. Moses would make men righteous by force of law; Jesus would make them righteous by the power of truth. The former would make them *subjects*; the latter would make them *freemen*. That sought to lay them under *restrictions*; this, to bring them into *enlargement*. One treated the people as *children*; the other treats them as *men*.

Moses was much improved upon and exceeded by prophets who came after him; especially by Micah, Isaiah, Ezekiel and the author of the 50th Psalm. But Jesus has never been equalled. His disciples have never come up to his standard even of doctrine. They have made much more account of *creeds* and *forms* than he did. He designed that his church should be truly *catholic*; but the catholicity of his followers has been but a form and variety of *sectarianism*. He taught them to judge no man and to wait the judgment of God; but they have confidently adjudged all to be reprobates whose detail of belief did not tally with their own. The kingdom of Moses *has been*; it is *gone by*; but the kingdom of Jesus, in its fulness, is *yet to come*. Moses instituted a special organism; Jesus Christ instituted none. The former described Jehovah as the tutelary God of a single family or nation; the latter represented him as the Father of all mankind. Thus was 'broken down the middle wall of partition' between the Hebrew-Israel and 'the whole Israel of the human race.' It is the exceeding glory of the Gospel that it gives us an impartial God; one whose will it is that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved. S. F.

For the Register.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. NO. IV.

James I. 15: 'Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.'

In answering the question, whether capital punishment ought not be abolished, all depends, as I view it, on a previous question, whether capital punishment be a better or more effectual preventive of crime than any other; or whether it be required for the security of life. If one, with wilful malice, has taken the life of a fellow-being, I think it a fair inference, that, on the *principle of justice*, he forfeits his own. If then, repeating the argument, as some believe, even the *criminal* passes, at death, instantly to a state of perfect happiness, capital punishment does him, not only no injustice, but no injury. He is removed from this world, where he might be tempted to repeat the crime, and bring upon himself and others intense suffering. On this ground of argument, the *preservation* of the murderer's life is great inhumanity to *him*, and great inhumanity to society. I see not how true benevolence could reasonably object to the penalty.

But though a criminal should justly deserve death; if it were *certain* that at the moment of execution, the spirit must go to a state of *endless* misery,—benevolence, humanity, might wish to arrest the hand of the executioner, especially if there were a probability, that, after a space for repentance and reformation, he might be better prepared to die. This must be a question of great uncertainty, whether the reprieve from death would not be adding sin to sin.

Those who have been subjects of the penitentiary discipline, except in a comparatively few instances, as I have been informed, give no evidence of having been made essentially better by it. Many of them, after serving a first and a second term, return there again. The discipline fails to reform them, and is no great terror to them. They go from the penitentiary, schooled by intercourse with the most inveterate criminals, to corrupt the community, and to endanger the property and the lives of the innocent! The most ardent and devoted friends of the penitentiary system have disclosed these facts, and lament them as results they had not expected. It is to be remembered that those hardened in crime are slow to feel the power of religious and moral influence, so far as to be led to a thorough reformation of their lives. There is a class of minds, and of that class are those generally guilty of capital crimes, to whom the penitentiary has little or no terror. Nothing less than the thought of an immediate, eternal destiny, can move them to serious reflection and repentance. Whatever it is that produces this effect, is, to them, the greatest of blessings.—It is better, immeasurably better, to die a sincere penitent than to live a hardened criminal. Death, let it be remembered, is an appointment, not of divine vengeance, but of divine love.

'Tis Heaven's last effort of good will to man.'

The voice of God, in the change appointed from life to death, speaks with power to the soul.

So in nature—

'The winter is as needful as the spring;
The thunder as the sun.'

Can it then be made to appear consistent with principles of benevolence and humanity, that the laws of the land should take the life of one, who, with malice prepense, has taken life?

The murderer has sent out of the world a highly estimable and useful member of society. It is great cruelty to society to be deprived of such an excellent member. The widow and the fatherless, and other bereaved relatives suffer a wound never to be healed in this world.—This is cruelty, an outrage against all principles of benevolence and humanity. Can there be *benevolence* or *humanity*, in leaving it in the power of the murderer to repeat such acts?—It seems to me that true benevolence, whilst it would do no wrong to the guilty, would guard, with at least equal caution, the lives of the innocent, and of such as are valuable to the community. I cannot comprehend that sort of benevolence, that would murder the *innocent*, or consent to the murder of the innocent, to screen from justice the guilty.

It is the duty of society, a duty of benevolence, no less than of justice, to protect its good and useful members. We should think the surgeon out of his senses, if he should amputate a sound and healthy limb, to save and cure a diseased limb, especially when there was evidence of danger to the whole body from the diseased limb.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A Personal Recollection by the Author of Chatterton.

Some six years ago, whilst residing in London, I accompanied my friend, Dr. William Cooke Taylor—one of the best statistical writers in England—to a meeting of the Literary Fund Society, in Leicester Square. Among those present were some of our most celebrated authors—indeed, all the book makers or book publishers. There was William Jerdan, with his tall, bony figure, and his hard features, standing by the side of, and conversing with, little Crofton Croker, author of the 'Fairy Legends,' whose smooth, bald head, and half comic expression, formed a striking contrast to the Magnate of the Literary Gazette. Sharon Turner, of 'Middle Age,' celebrity, sat thoughtfully at the table, whilst the prince of punsters, Hood, looked as dismal as if humor and himself were perfect strangers to each other. The author of the 'Comic Annual' was evidently ill, and not long afterwards he told me that he 'spit more blood and made more puns than any man in Christendom.' Coningsby D'Israeli, dressed in the extreme of fashion, verging on fopism, lounged near a window, his glass screwed into his eye, quizzing the passengers below. No one could mistake the *Mosaic* origin of 'Young England.' He was strikingly handsome, and his head was beautifully formed. Poor John Galt, three parts paralyzed, limped into the room and sat down by the side of Dr. Maginn, who was dealing out wit and wisdom to a circle, comprising Morier, author of 'Hajji Baba, Leigh Hunt, Douglass Jerrold, Paul Pry Poole, Laman Blanchard,' and others whose names I forget. Hope, the author of Anastasius, was conversing quietly with Dr. Croly.

It sat watching with much interest the men from whose works I had derived pleasure and profit, when I heard a vehicle dash up to the door of the house, and looking out I saw a 'stylish' *turn-out*. The cab was faultless in all its appointments—the blood horse and the 'Tigers' themselves seemed to be the very aristocrats of their respective tribes—the white kid reins were gracefully thrown across the horses loins by a delicate primrose gloved hand, and a gentleman dressed with the most scrupulous attention, but not *over-dressed*, quitted the cab and in a moment afterwards entered the Committee-room. He exchanged, somewhat haughtily I thought, the usual courtesies with his fellow committee-men, and sauntered over to D'Israeli.

These two well-dressed authors, looked strangely among the rather negligent tribe around them—a fellow feeling seemed to have drawn them together: the new comer was Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.

I believe some one has christened D'Isreali and him 'the Siamese twins of Literature.'

All this time I had been sitting near a mild, plainly-attired individual, who had not opened his mouth since I had been in his company.—He was somewhat spare in the frame, and his countenance by no means striking; its chief characteristic was *pensiveness*. His hair, thin, and slightly curling, was of an iron-gray color. His dress was remarkably plain, consisting of simple, sober black—altogether the form and face was not one which would have caused more than a passing notice. Business had commenced, and had progressed for about half an hour, when Mr. Landon, the Secretary, (brother to L. E. L.) beckoned to the person I have endeavored to describe—and said,

'Mr. Campbell, do you approve of this resolution?'

Mr. Campbell! thought I, is that modest, unassuming man, who shrunk almost into a corner; can he be the Bard of Hope! I gazed and gazed again, and then, 'by slow degrees came back' to my recollection the features which I had seen delineated, Lawrence. I wondered I had not noticed the resemblance of the original, to the portrait, before—but after all, it was not so much a matter of marvel, for Campbell had fallen into the 'sere and yellow leaf,' his walk was feeble, and his eyes somewhat dim—he had, too, that slight stoop in the shoulder, so common to studious men, whereas, in his engraved portrait he appears as a 'tall proper man.'

When the business in the afternoon terminated, at my request, Dr. Taylor introduced me to Campbell, who said many good things, told me he had read with great pleasure Galt's sonnet on my Life of Chatterton, and invited me to take tea with him on the following evening.

Mr. Campbell then resided in Leicester Square; and generally took all his meals in his library which adjoined his bed-room. He received me in the most friendly manner, and I speedily engaged in disposing of the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates.' Our conversation principally turned on poets, and their works—of Crabbe, I remember he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms. Keat's poems, he said, were too labored. The 'Ode to a Nightingale,' he considered his best production.

And what, Sir, I asked, is your opinion of Shelley?

'Shelley,' he replied, 'was a poet for poets only—few others could understand him. His works are like a shivered mirror—a collection of brilliant fragments.'

After an interval of silence, he observed,

'After all, Goldsmith must, perhaps, be considered as one of our greatest poets. I read his works over every year with renewed pleasure. Nothing can exceed the pathos of some passages in his 'Deserted Village;' had he not been so indolent he might have written the *Return to Auburn*.'

We then chatted on a multitude of subjects; actors, artists, and all manner of noticeable people were spoken of. I cannot call to mind half he said. One opinion which he gave, however, I perfectly remember. I asked him which he considered to be the most perfect poem in the English language!

'There is no poem,' he replied, 'taken as a whole, I think, so perfect as Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard; every line is a picture.'

There was a most amiable feature in Campbell's colloquial criticisms—an entire absence of ill-feeling towards his brother poets. Not an unkind word did he utter to any one, and when he felt he could not praise, he dextrously changed the topic, and passed on to panegyrize some productions of sterling merit. The only thing approaching to bitterness which fell from his lips was a remark as to the treatment he received from a party, who shall be nameless, whilst editing the New Monthly Magazine.

I ventured to express my regret that he had not written more.

'The wonder is,' said he, 'I have written so much. Severe studies in early youth shattered a frame never of the strongest. When my 'Pleasures of Hope' appeared, I acquired so much reputation that I almost feared to risk it; the whole of that poem was written in two days and a night, and altered but little. The 'Mariners of England' was composed as I walked along the street.'

Most authors, I remarked, have favorites amongst their own productions. May I ask, have you preference for either of your poetic family?

'Yes, I prefer the 'Last Man,' to any I have written. I did not greatly admire it at first, nor for some time after it was published and popular, but when I went with Lord Jeffry to a concert in Edinburgh, and to my astonishment Braham came forward and sung it to magnificent music, I was paralyzed, and wondered if I had written the words. I had been praised, overpraised before, but I never felt that I was a real poet till then. After the applause had ceased, some one called out, 'Campbell,' and Campbell was the cry. Jeffry made me get up and bow, but I must have looked like a gump. I shrunk back into the darkest part of the box, and cried like a child.

I mentioned to him, that Hannah More had presented to me, with a kiss (when a child) a copy of 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and that his name was written on the fly-leaf.

'Yes, I remember, I sent her a presentation copy. She lived at Barley Wood, near Wrington, where Locke is buried. Mrs. More was then so popular that she was quite the Queen Bee of the Blue Stocking Hive. She was no great favorite of mine as a Poetess, but her influence at that time was great and beneficial. What a different woman was Mrs. Hemans! If ever there was on this earth a ready made angel, Felicia is one.

'Well,' said Campbell, ringing the bell, 'I always finish the evening by drinking 'tother side 'o the Tweed.'

He made himself a very weak potation of 'mountain dew,' and I joined in the 'amiable weakness,' more talk, more 'opinionating,' until the clock struck

'The wee short hour ayont the twal.'

Campbell shook hands with me at the door, and invited me to come whenever I liked. He called on me the next day at my lodgings, and after a stroll in the Zoological Gardens, parted, never more to meet.

The 'Literary World' is but too well aware, that the Bard of Hope now reposes in the Abbey Sanctuary. Nobles bore his pall, and paid a willing tribute to his genius. About his grave Memory shed tears, but Hope illuminated the Sepulchre. Campbell's last home was surrounded by the great, the wise; a mourner, too was there, unseen, but whose influence was not unfelt:—

'Call it not in vain, they do not err
Who say that when a Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her Worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.'

THE SEMINOLE PREACHER.

'The greatest virtues have probably been ever the most obscure; and I am persuaded that in all ages of the world more genuine heroism has been overlooked than either recorded or observed. That *aliquid divinum*, as Tully calls it, that celestial spark which every man who coolly contemplates his own mind may discover within him, operates where we least look for it, and often raises the noblest productions of virtue in the shade and obscurity of life.—*Fitzosborne's Letters.*

Some ten years ago there was roaming amid the forests of Florida an Indian boy of the Seminole tribe, and a nephew of Osceola, about ten years of age. His father was a chief, and with his mother and a large family of brothers and sisters, all older than himself, then living in all the ignorance and superstition of a savage state. This boy, in one of his excursions with his playmates for game, was suddenly arrested by a voice which he thought the voice of the Great Spirit. He stood in wonder and amazement until all his companions left him, and then found it impossible to discover the path to his home. He remained a night and a day in the woods without food; and in his distress, on the return of the second night prayed to the Great Spirit to conduct him to his home.

He soon saw a light, which he followed, and in the darkness arrived at his father's wigwam, where he related to his astonished parents the cause of his absence, and how he had been strangely guided when lost. Not long afterward, when at play near his wigwam, the same voice addressed him in his native tongue, bidding him to go and tell what he had heard. He fully believed it to be the voice of the Great Spirit, and his mind was filled with awe, while his parents heard his statements with half-incredulous surprise. Soon after this, his father, having collected his furs, resolved to visit St. Augustine (about 50 miles distant) to dispose of them, and to take his youngest son with him. To this child the mother was peculiarly attached, and naturally expressed her regret at his father's determination; but as this was fixed, when they took their leave she placed her hands tenderly upon the head of her favorite boy, and with tears commended him to the care of the Great Spirit. On the arrival of the old chief at St. Augustine, he fell into the company of another chief of the same tribe, whom he had long known, and by whom he was invited to visit a tavern and partake of the 'fire-water'—the baneful cup, so enchanting yet so destructive to the Indian race. Both became intoxicated, and a quarrel ensued. The barbarous whites urged them on to a deadly contest; covered with wounds and blood, they finally separated, and the father of our poor boy sought his room with his child, and lay down, exhausted and bleeding, upon the floor.

In the dead hour of the night the child spoke to his father, but received no answer, and when he took his hand he found it motionless and cold. The truth flashed upon his mind that he had no longer a living father, and in the agony of his grief he heard a voice which he thought that of the Great Spirit, saying, I will give you another father.' He followed the corpse of his father to its grave, to which he returned to weep, and in his ignorance and grief sought to disinter the marred and bloody form that he loved. As he wandered about the streets of the village, a benevolent master of a vessel, learning something of his destitute condition, took him by the hand, led him to his ship, and persuaded him to remain. The vessel soon sailed, and in her, during three years, he visited several parts of the world, and acquired some imperfect knowledge of the English language. But a deep and mysterious gloom hung over his soul. His heart was pierced by the recollection of the terrible death of his father, and his mind agitated by the remembrance of that sublime voice which had repeatedly called him, and the purpose of which was unrevealed. He had become impressed with the idea that it was the will of the Great Spirit that he should find another father. He had traversed the ocean, visited strange lands, but this promised father had not been found. What could be the reason?

It occurred to him that he had offended the Great Spirit: his sins arose in appalling numbers and magnitude before him; every [illegible] act of his childhood, his unkindness or cruelty to his comrades, or to the wild animals he was wont to pursue, arose in memory, and his misery increased beyond endurance. He was sad and silent, but his gloomy thoughts darkened the expression of his countenance. He meditated suicide. As he leaned over the side of the ship, thinking that he would plunge into the waves, he lifted his eyes and saw the heavens serene and shining upon him with incomparable glory. To himself he said, the Great Spirit that causes the sun to shine and spreads forth these heavens, and bids the ocean repose, or rouses to fierceness its mighty waves, can relieve my distress, and calm my troubled soul. He descended into the hold of the vessel, and on his knees implored help from this Great Spirit. To his excited imagination appeared a form of wonderful brightness and a countenance of indescribable beauty, which, as it approached, removed one by one his sins, and entered as it were the open door of his heart. His anxieties ceased. Peace took possession of his mind, and a divine spirit of benevolence was breathed over his spirit. He had before regarded the white man with indignation, as the enemy and oppressor of his people; now he desired the welfare of all men.

His countenance, and the tones of his voice, every motion, spoke to others of a mighty change. Every object that met his eye—the ocean, sun, sky, the clouds ever changing in form and hue, were invested with new beauty, and all nature seemed living and glowing in the smile of the Great Spirit. He felt that he was protected and loved by that Great Spirit—that he had made him happy—and he ardently desired to make known his goodness and loving kindness, and that all others might become joyful like himself. The simple yet imperfect expression of his emotions affected the whole ship's company.

He visited Africa, the West Indies, and the Southern States of this Union, and wherever he went, though but 17 years of age, and knowing little of the English language, he gathered crowds about him, on the seashore, the wharves, or the market-place or street, and spoke to them of the Great Spirit of the Universe, of his mercy, of his laws, (as far as he understood them,) of his presence, and his power. While the ship in which he sailed was lying in the port of Charleston, he wandered some distance into the interior of the State, and on one Sunday morning observed a large gang of slaves laboring on a plantation, while their master, an old, gray-haired man, was walking beneath his portico. The young Seminole approached in his Indian costume, his long black hair hanging in ringlets on his shoulders, and in broken English desired permission to speak to these toiling slaves.

He spoke of the duty of worshiping the Great Spirit on the Sabbath (of the sanctity of which he had obtained some knowledge,) but the planter abruptly refused to grant his request. With a word of admonition that the white man's age indicated his nearness to the grave, the Indian youth retired, but was soon followed by a small negro boy, who was commanded to run and tell him that if he would return he might address the people. All hands were summoned from the field, and beneath that portico this youthful Seminole spoke to them affectingly of his own experience, under the fatherly care of the Great Spirit, and besought them to devote their hearts to Him; to cease to do evil and learn to do well; and then with difficult utterance, but a sublimity of thought and emotion, he invoked the blessing of the Almighty Father on their souls. The feelings of the planter were subdued. He sought for a Bible, but finding none in his house, despatched a servant several miles to obtain one. The Indian bade him farewell, but was urged again to visit him. On his return, about a week after, early in the morning, as he entered the portico, he observed the parlor of this planter filled with his servants, while he read to them the divine word, and knelt down with them in worship of the Great Spirit. The warmest welcome was extended to him, and he was earnestly pressed to remain for many days.

In the experience of this poor wandering Indian youth was fulfilled the Savior's promise 'If any man do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine.' His desire for divine knowledge made the acquisition of it easy, and though unable to read, he became wise in the things of salvation. The peace of God which passeth understanding, kept his mind in hours of adversity and amid manifold temptations. On one occasion he suffered shipwreck, and every soul except himself perished. On a small portion of the wreck, far from land, he remained for more than twenty-four hours, expecting immediate death; but, to use his own expression, these were the happiest hours of his life.

At length he came to Philadelphia, and when, as usual, the excellent minister of the Seamen's chapel, at the close of a prayer-meeting, invited strangers from the great deep who desired to speak to do so, he rose and astonished the audience with the account of his life, and how he had been called out of the darkness of a savage state to a knowledge of God and the hope of salvation. The worthy pastor of this congregation, the Rev. John Douglass, took him to his house, taught him to read, encouraged him to study the sacred Scriptures, and fully prepare himself to preach the gospel to his uncivilized kindred and tribe. He found him entirely devoted to the cause of God, prepared to make progress in all knowledge that might increase his qualifications for usefulness to his people and the world. From the time when he supposed himself to be illumined spiritually from on high, he took peculiar delight in the society of any seamen whom he found to possess a Christian spirit, or whom he was enabled to lead to the true worship of God; and having watched by the death-bed of one who died in the expectation of eternal life, he made a voyage to Liverpool to communicate the tidings of his peaceful departure to his widowed and pious mother. To see her (which he did) and impart consolation to her in her grief, was his only, but an ample reward.

Eighteen months ago, *Hustilocushe* (or John Douglass Bemo, the name he received in baptism,) came with his benefactor, the Rev. Mr. Douglass, to Washington. He was then 19 years of age, some six feet, two inches in height, and in his manly form well proportioned, his countenance intelligent, mild, and full of benevolence; able with some hesitation to read the Scriptures, which were his daily study, and to speak slowly but impressively the English language.

The statement here submitted was derived from many personal conversations with him, and from his public addresses, of which he made several to large audiences. He was then exceedingly desirous of visiting his tribe, cherishing the tenderest affection for his mother, and his brothers and sisters, (some fourteen of whom he had left, nine years before, in Florida,) and of whose fate he had no exact information.) His heart glowed like a live coal with love for his people, and he was ready to lay down his life for their eternal welfare. The Indian Department readily appointed him a teacher, with a small salary, and in commany with General Armstrong he soon left this city for the new but far distant home of his tribe.

In a brief letter, published about a year ago in the Sailor's Magazine, he announced his first interview with his people, who received him as one from the dead, but no mother's or brother's or sister's voice greeted his return. All were gone except a solitary brother, still wandering around the morasses of Florida. A few days ago, I met at my door this most remarkable young man. He was unchanged, except somewhat wasted by long disease and the exposures in a weak state of health during his journey from the Seminole country. Soon after he left home, while travelling alone on horseback, he was attacked with a fever on the banks of the Arkansas, but was enabled to find a home in a family of whites, and to obtain medical aid. His disease proved to be typhus fever, continuing six weeks, near the termination of which his physicians gave him over to death. A Creek Indian hearing of his illness, came with medical herbs, watched by him, and by his remedies and assiduities, with the divine blessing saved his life. Though offered he refused compensation, while the charges of the white physicians, who despaired of his recovery, amounted to eighty dollars.

I learn from Mr. Bemo that the way appears open for his Christian efforts among the Seminoles; that the principal chief has set the example, which is followed by many, of resting on the Sabbath; that he (Mr. B.) has preached regularly to congregations of several hundreds; that he cherishes the hope that some 15 or 20 of his tribe have become acquainted with God as revealed in the Scriptures, and that in his earnest labors for this suffering tribe (many of whom have perished during the hardships of their removal and settlement) he has enjoyed the presence of the Son of God, and soon hopes, under his protection, to resume his endeavors to make known to these poor children of the wilderness the unsearchable riches of that Savior who has so wonderfully called him to be a teacher and guide to his uncivilized brethren. We may well admire the grace of God in this Indian youth, and believe him chosen for some high purpose of Providence. [Cor. Comm. Adv.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The following is an extract from the late travels of Viscount D'Arlingcourt, now publishing, in continuation of Waldie's Library:

O'Connell broke up the assembly, and then still surrounded by adulation, incense, and homage, took the road to Tara Hall, an immense mansion belonging to Mr. Lynch, and situated at the foot of the Mountain of Kings. There, under a vast tent, a banquet of from one thousand to one thousand two hundred covers was prepared, at which the Liberator was to preside. The manage.s of the entertainment had included me among the guests; a room had been kept for me in the house, and I was told that my place at table would be by the side of the illustrious chief. I went to Tara Hall accompanied by Henry Grattan. I was most eager to enter into conversation with O'Connell, and I was conducted to a small sitting-room, whither he had retired to enjoy some repose after the exertions of the morning. The great Hall of the mansion was full of company: he was to join them at a later hour.

Only one or two of the Liberator's most intimate friends, and the host's daughter, the pretty Miss Catherine Lynch, were with him. He welcomed me with gracious courtesy, and made me sit on the sofa beside him. I had thus an opportunity of regarding him at my leisure.

O'Connell is tall,* and strongly built; one would suppose him to be a wrestler of the olden time. His eye is animated and intelligent, his voice is keen and sonorous. He expresses himself elegantly and quietly, and with convincing sincerity and earnestness. His gestures are often dignified, and though there is a certain vulgarity in his physiognomy, yet his deportment is majestic. He possesses, moreover, all the good qualities and all the defects necessary for a popular orator, being by turns rough and smooth, energetic and yielding, courteous and abrupt.

Our conversation was extremely animated; he spoke of the Queen with profound respect, and of her Government with bitter scorn.

'Wellington,' said he to me, 'was born six miles from Tara, and this Irishman thinks only how he can most injure Ireland: he will not succeed, I hope. Besides he has solved a problem for me; he has proved that without actions of real merit, without superior talents, one may become a great man entirely by accident and chance. It was at the very moment when he was about to fly from Waterloo that he found himself suddenly victorious; and he was the last who expected it.'

I was anxious to speak to O'Connell of the dangers of rebellion, and of the risks they themselves ran who opened to others the career of revolt.

'I, like you, hate sedition,' he answered; 'but oppression is also odious to me. I do not labor to overthrow, but to be free. I shall triumph by the force of principle, by the irresistible progress of human thought; by the breath of civilization, which confers a new existence on mankind, and by the support of a God of Justice. I shall have no need of war.'

'You may be attacked—persecuted.'

'Persecutions! let them come. They will increase my power.'

'But if the sword quit the sheath? If the axe menace your heads?'

'Oh, then, I have but to say one word, and on the following day I shall have under my banner an army of five hundred thousand men, nay, a million if necessary.'

'How would you arm your troops?'

'Nothing easier! They would take the enemy's muskets and cannons from him. The enemy himself would pass over to their colors, with arms and baggage. I should still conquer without fighting.'

O'Connell spoke with persuasive eloquence. This old man, who is said to be near his seventy-fifth year, retains in his features and thoughts all the energy of a more vigorous age.

'You are a poet?' he resumed. 'Here are some lines I composed yesterday, before the meeting of Tara.'

He read me the following stanza:

'Oh, Erin! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line,
To raise my victor head and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
That gleam of bliss is all I crave
Between my labors and the grave.'

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P.
for the County of Cork.

* It has been affirmed that O'Connell's head, next to that of Napoleon, is the broadest and largest that has ever been known.

ABOLITION OF MILITIA TRAINING.

Nothing marks more certainly, though quietly, the decline of the war spirit among the great mass of the people, than their unwillingness to continue the ever extremely popular system of militia drills. It was retained in Massachusetts by a few war-spirits, until nearly all men of sense became weary and ashamed of it; and then the legislature in 1839 released from military drills all that had been liable to that service, and provided a fund of $50,000 a year to be distributed, at the rate of five dollars each, among any number of the old militia not exceeding 10,000, who voluntarily trained a certain number of times every year. Still, even this offer has never rallied in any year, more than 7000 volunteers; and the number, we believe, is constantly diminishing.

MAINE, in 1843-4, entirely abolished the system of militia drills, repealing all her laws that required that useless service, but retaining the militia system, simply by continued enrolment of all that would be bound at her call to come forth for the support of her laws, or the defence of her soil.

VERMONT, at the recent session of her legislature, has followed the example of Maine. She passed an act repealing all laws that heretofore required militia drills, and substituted merely an enrolment, as for jury purposes, of all that would, under the old system, have been liable to military service.

Here are pretty unequivocal signs of the times; and we predict that none of the free States will much longer bear the expensive and contemptible nuisance. Even if advocates of the war system, we could consistently say this; for every intelligent officer knows, that our militia drills are utterly useless. Peace Societies have never, we believe, interfered on this subject, contenting themselves with the diffusion of the leaven; but we confess our surprise, that people of sense have in any State submitted till now to such a yoke.

WEST INDIES. Even here our example is beginning to be followed. A letter from Kingston, Jamaica, April, 1844, says:—Since I wrote to my friend, R. Marsden, and through him applied for the grant of tracts received by the Duke of Boonte, the militia laws of this island have been altered. Under the old law, the men, amounting to about 15,000, were obliged to muster on parade-ground once a month, at four o'clock in the morning; they were mostly discharged about ten or half-past ten o'clock; but the remainder of the day (Saturday) and often much of the next day (Sunday) was spent by many of the officers and men in idleness and dissipation. Under the law as altered during the last session, they are to muster only once in the year, so that the evil is much lessened.

[Advocate of Peace.

A SUNDAY AT MOSCOW. To one who has for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the 'church-going bell,' few things could be more interesting than a Sunday in Moscow.—Any one who has rambled along the maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bells ringing for matins, vespers and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sound. To me there is always something in the sound of a church-going bell; in its effect upon the senses, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the city of Moscow. In Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I happened to pass the Sabbath in this city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move, lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church door. But he who never has heard the ringing of bells at Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containng more than six hundred churches and innumerable convents, and all with bells, and these sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer note to the loudest peals that ever lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling the air as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and after breakfast joined the throng, called to the respective churches by their well-known bells. I went to the English Chapel, where for many months I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation; though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of cast-off chambermaids being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauties of the English tongue. [Stephens' Travels.

THOSE W

pay and plunder, with the license to trample on all God's laws with impunity. With the officer, the object is the exercise of arbitrary power, and the praise of the vulgar.

When Alfred the Great instituted the ordeal of battle, it was a great advance on the barbarous manners of the age, and much better than those deadly feuds, in which the parties involved not only themselves, but all their retainers. Then, why not adopt a plan which, barbarous and unchristian as it is, is not so bad as war!—[Advocate of Peace.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 8, 1845.

SECTARIAN CAPITAL.

One of the most unworthy resources of which a sectarian spirit avails itself, is the charging upon a denomination of Christians, the errors, follies or objectionable sentiments of an individual who may be connected with it. We have frequently noticed many marked instances of this in the perusal of the religious papers, and so detestable has this poor resource appeared to us that we have endeavored to stand clear of all approaches to its use. The Calvinistic and the Episcopal sects, both here and in other parts of our country, have recently been visited with sore trials through the obliquities of some individuals, who held eminent stations among them. We have not mentioned the name or the sin of either of these individuals. So anxious have we been to avoid all appearance of triumphing over the discomfiture or the grief of those whose theological views we reject, that we have kept silence about these their sore trials. In the meanwhile, we have seen in various religious papers, covert implications, and anything but sincere lamentations about several recent obliquities among clergymen. All that we have thus seen has confirmed us in our intention to keep silence. Neither the names of the offenders, nor their crimes have been mentioned in our columns, nor shall they be, if we may control them. We believe that sincere grief at such melancholy disclosures is best proved by leaving to those concerned the duty of making them known, as well as of proceeding against them as they deserve. The secular newspapers will take care to give them a sufficiently wide publication.

We hold to this course of silence likewise in respect to other matters, of peculiar trial to one or another denomination, besides the sins of which some of its ministers may be found guilty. We have been led to make this declaration in consequence of remarks which we read last week, in the New England Puritan, and the Christian (Episcopal) Witness, of this city, and in the New York Evangelist, in which papers, severally, a very mean attempt was made to charge upon Unitarians the infidel opinions advanced by Rev. Theodore Parker. We consider such an attempt to be cowardly and despicable in the extreme. No honest writer would avail himself of it. Unitarians are distinguished from the various Trinitarian sects by a different mode of interpreting several passages in a record whose apostolical and historical authority is unquestioned. Mr. Parker flouts at the record, as a fabrication, and a collection of fables. The views which he has uttered, he took from the writings of those who were educated as Trinitarians, in the German Lutheran Church. To represent these views as a result of the tendencies of *Unitarianism*, is to take a course, which we describe by very mild terms, when we say that it is making sectarian capital out of an instance of a grievous and melancholy character, which, though it may arise within the limits of a denomination, has nothing to do with the principles of that denomination. There is the same connection, and all the connection between Calvinism, or Episcopalianism, and licentiousness, that there is between Unitarianism, and the views of Mr. Parker; and that connection, in either case, is none whatever.

RESTORATION OF THE MONASTERIES IN SPAIN.

This miserable and desolate region, which is a monument of the blighting influences of the Roman Catholic Faith, is again to be convulsed with an effort to revive some of the religious abuses from which it is in part delivered. The anarchy and confusion of its political affairs, the swarming banditti which infest it, its intestine wars, its exhausted resources, its decayed prosperity, its degenerate and prostrate condition in regard to most of the higher interests of human life, are formidable evils which the wisest and holiest efforts could scarce over come. To add to its miseries would seem to be the necessary effect of the restoration of ancient abuses, to which the following measure looks.

'The Minister of Finance had prepared several Bills which he was to present to the Chamber of Deputies in the course of the week—viz. 1, relative to the maintenance of the clergy and religious worship; 2, relative to the nunneries; 3, to the national property remaining unsold; and 4, to the conversion of bills, contracts, the floating debt, &c., into Three per Cent Stock.

The Clergy Bill appropriates to the support of religious worship and the maintenance of the clergy the annual produce of all the property, dues, and incomes belonging to the clergy which remained to be sold; the revenue of the unsold dues (*censos*) which belonged to the nunneries, after ministering to the wants of the nuns, to whom they are equally destined; the proceeds of the subscriptions for the holy crusade, &c. The Government was to be, moreover, empowered to secure for a year, by entering into a treaty with one of the public banks, the sum required to complete the funds for the support of religious worship and the maintenance of the clergy; and in case the Government was not able to carry this measure into effect, the supplies necessary are to be drawn from the amount of the direct taxes.

The second project of law applies, to the payment of the pensions of the nuns, and to the support of religious worship, the produce of the unsold property and dues which belonged to the nunneries and the produce of the unsold dues of the friaries.

By the third project of law, the Minister proposes to the Cortes to approve the suspension of the sale of the property of the secular clergy and of the nuns, in the manner decreed on the 13th of August, 1844.'

MONUMENT TO DR. TUCKERMAN.

It will be seen by a notice in another column that the Committees appointed to collect subscriptions in the various Churches, are requested to meet and Report at the Tremont Temple on Tuesday next. We hope that all will be ready to make favorable Reports at that time, and that if any of our friends have not been called upon who desire to contribute towards this object, they will send their donation to some of the Committee, that the proposed plan may be successfully carried out, and that posterity may see that the memory of a public benefactor was held in grateful remembrance.

THE ORTHODOX AND THOSE, WHO ADVOCATE EXCHANGES WITH TEACHERS OF DEISM.

It is contended by some among us, that in order to carry out the principles of Unitarianism, it is necessary to admit all persons to be Christian teachers, who claim and sincerely believe, what they teach to be Christianity; and that we must extend to them ministerial fellowship. No matter, whether what they teach is known to be deism, and has been admitted to be so by those who defended, and those who opposed it, and has been so held by the world at large, religious and irreligious, and by the very persons, who so contend; nevertheless, in the case above stated, it must be treated as Christianity in all questions concerning ministerial fellowship. But they also tell us, that though it may be thus taught, the hearers must be prevented from learning it, by answers, which shall refute it. People have formerly supposed, that the thing taught, was the thing to be learned; and it will be difficult to persuade them, that the teaching of deism is necessary to carry out our principles, yet that the learning of it is not necessary to carry out these principles, but exactly contrary to them—that it is contrary to our principles, for a Unitarian minister to teach deism; but that it carries out these principles, to permit another to do it in his pulpit and to his Society.

There seems to be an agreement in opinion to some extent, between the orthodox and those, who propose this new rule. Some of the orthodox assert, that carrying out the principles of Unitarianism, has already made us, or some of us, deists; others say, that this must be the consequence of carrying out those principles, and follows, as cause and effect; and others only state, that there is great danger of such an effect to many of us. This last belief, with the grounds of it, was again repeated in the Recorder of the 30th of January.

Now the difference of opinion between those, who advocate these exchanges, and the orthodox, is this. They agree, that it is the effect of carrying out the principles of Unitarianism, that deism should be taught in our Churches; but the former do not admit, that it should be part of that effect, that it should be learned there. They must therefore prove to the orthodox, that, what is taught, is not what will be learned, but something as wholly unlike it, as Christianity and deism. For ourselves, we deny, that teaching deism by the minister or any body, whom he employs to preach, is an effect of carrying out the principles of Unitarianism; and we do not deny, that if this teaching were necessary to the carrying out of these principles, the learning it, would, in such case, be equally necessary. Therefore, the grounds of our argument with the orthodox, will only meet our own case. It will not reach the case of those, who have made the admission to them, that the teaching of deism in our Churches is necessary to carry out our principles. The burden is upon those, who have proposed this new rule to prove to the orthodox that what is taught there, will not be learned there and make deists of some, who hear it. We wait with some curiosity to see, how this can be proved.

For the Register.

ON THE LANGUID EMBRACE OF TRUTH.

'The assent, which is ordinarily given to divine truths, is very faint and languid; very weak and ineffectual; flowing only from a blind inclination to follow that religion which is in fashion, or a lazy and unconcerned indifference whether things be so or not. Men are unwilling to quarrel with the religion of their country, and since all their neighbors are Christians, they are content to be so too; but they are seldom at the pains to consider the evidences of those truths, or to ponder the importance or tendency of them; and thence it is that they have so little influence on their affections and practice. Those *spiritless and paralytic thoughts* (as one doth rightly term them) are not able to move the will and direct the hand; we must therefore endeavor to work up our minds to a serious belief and full persuasion of divine truths, unto a sense and feeling of spiritual things.'

The above extract is from Scougal's 'Life of God in the Soul of Man,' of which work Rev. Henry Ware Jr., of revered memory, once said in an ordination sermon 'let him, who has it not, sell his coat and buy it.' In reading this work a few days since I marked the above passage; it struck me as applicable to Christians, of the present day; I have also had this idea more deeply impressed upon my mind from a sermon I have heard this day and also from one other I recently heard, both of which were much in accordance with the above extract and with the idea of its applicability to the present state of religion and morals in our community.

We need something to rouse the community into new life. A moral earthquake, one that shall break up the very foundation of this paralysis of the soul, that shall rend asunder this mountain of indifference and cause the incense of a true faith, devotion and zeal to burn brightly in our souls, that we may thereby be enabled to discern, comprehend, understand and realize the still small voice of God within them, that speaks to us of the truths, and of the realities of Christianity and its teachings; an earthquake that shall disperse every cloudy doubt and vaporous indifference or heartless assent to its truths, and leave in their place the bright and clear and beautiful sunlight of truth, and of a hearty assent to, and living by, through, in and for this truth. We have had a Lutheran reformation of doctrine; we now want a reformation of character, faith, morality;—I say we want it *now*; we are asleep, morally dead, in a state of spiritual lethargy—what will, what can awaken us!

If we should give the same attention to spiritual things that we do to temporal, we should soon begin to realize their great importance.

'Let us often withdraw our thoughts from this earth, this scene of misery, folly, and sin, and raise them towards that vast and glorious world, whose innocent and blessed inhabitants solace themselves eternally in the presence of God, and know no other passion but an unmixed joy, and an unbounded love;' and let us consider and realize that there *is* a God, that there *is* a futurity, and that the character of our futurity must and *will* depend upon the character of our present state of existence. Let us by frequent prayer, meditation and reading of God's holy word, a deep and serious examination and consideration of the truths of our religion, both as to the importance and certainty of them, endeavor to attain unto a knowledge and practical belief of them.

'It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.' Let us have no fear of being too zealous, or too sincere and serious in matters of spiritual and eternal moment.

There can be no mistake, that there is a mournful lack of that sincere and hearty embrace of the truths of our religion by nominal and even professing Christians, which should awaken and alarm us; there is a kind of stupor, a deathlike maze, a lethargic resting between belief and disbelief of the holy truths of our religion in the community, which is shown by the want of zeal in the promulgation of them and also in the woful practical barrenness of the life of the soul.

Let us say in our own hearts with Pilate; 'What is *truth*?' Let us, 'Buy the truth and sell it not,' and *use* it when we have it; let belief gradually rise in importance, by practice and action, until it assumes the dignity of a high, glorious, true, moral, and religious *principle*, which shall swell and heave in each individual breast and burst forth and communicate, with all humility and Christian meekness and dignity, of its own glorious spirit to those around it. May we not thus hope for some new spiritual life in the world!

I have thrown out these few disjointed thoughts in some hope that they may suggest more important ones from others who have greater spiritual light to communicate. W.

Sunday evening, Feb. 2, 1845.

For the Register.

THE LEVITICAL SACRIFICES, AND THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

NO. VI.

The doctrine, then, strenuously held forth and received by the great majority of Christians as the central doctrine of the gospel, and the very essence of spiritual Christianity; the doctrine of human salvation, as effected by the expiatory and propitiatory sufferings of the Son of God, is not a doctrine of the Bible. We reject it, and still stand on the very ground, and are still supported by the very pillow of the truth, as it is in Jesus. We also reject the consequent doctrine of the restoration of guilty man to God's favor on his acceptance of this method of mercy, so explained as it is by the majority of Christians; or, which is the same thing, we object to justification through *that sort* of faith.—But we do believe, and maintain, and love, the doctrine of human salvation through God's mercy, in the teachings, and life, and death, and resurrection of Christ, as a moral means of turning men from sin to holiness. We do believe, and hold fast, and love, justification through faith in Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of God; faith in his divine mission, working by love to God and love to man; in other words, a righteousness of heart and life, of which faith in Christ, and in God who sent him, is the germinant seed, the indwelling motive and principle.

The atonement, it is asserted by those who maintain its proper propitiatory efficacy, involves a mystery incomprehensible. We must receive it, say they, on the simple declaration of the Scriptures. They confess, however, that 'the doctrine of justification through the intervention of our legal sponsor, rests upon a supposition so stupendous, that we are fain to recall, and ask, can such things be true!'* We assure them that such feelings have led us to search whether such things be true And we see, as clear as the day, they are not true, are not the truth which the Bible was intended to convey to the universal mind and heart. Our friends beg us to consider the alternative, if we draw back from such a doctrine. It is that 'the book, which compels us to believe it is from God, is so ambiguous, nay, so delusive in its language, that it can warrant no certain conclusions on any subject.' It is that 'we shall find it only so much the more difficult to retain our hold of those notions of virtue essential to self-respect, and the necessary means of social order.' It is that 'there is no home for man, for his pure affections, his domestic felicity, his boundless hopes.'† We, in turn, might beg our friends to consider the consequence of pressing upon men, a doctrine which is felt to jar with their moral feelings, and is irreconcilable with reason. But we pass this by. We do assure them, however, what, if they sought, they might know, and what, if they were candid, they would acknowledge, that the very opposite of these consequences is manifested. Let them push their personal examination into the views and writings of liberal Christians, and see whether their conclusions, in respect to the Bible, or on other subjects, are uncertain. Let them consider that their assertion of our departure even from the notions of virtue, is self-contradictory. For, one of the strongest arguments on which they insist for the genuineness of the New Testament, is the character of Christ.—That argument is addressed to the human reason, and it is a mighty one. He who sees and feels it, sees what makes up the greater part of the New Testament, and how can his perceptions of virtue become clouded afterward, by his rejecting what he verily believes the New Testament does not teach? Suppose he thinks, at first, that certain passages seem to favor the doctrine of expiation, and his reason revolts.—He has been obliged to depend on his reason hitherto. Is it, then, his part at once to say, let my reason bow implicitly? Or, should he not rather feel called, by this questioning of his mind, to search whether it be a real truth? Is he not bound to seek that explanation which shall harmonize with his reason? This divine faculty in man is never more imperatively called to exercise itself than at such a time. Let not our friends deem it the mere *pride* of reason, which thus works. Pride is a feeling which shows itself rather in the treatment of one's neighbor. Let them consider, whether multitudes, who have sacrificed the pride of their reason, in receiving certain so called humbling doctrines, have offered up a whole burnt-offering, have sacrificed all their pride. Let them consider whether, in making a sacrifice of reason itself, they have not made an offering, which, as the prophet said of some of the Jews' sacrifices, God 'commanded not, nor spake it, neither came it into his mind.'

He who truly beholds 'God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself,' and feels the divine power, and sees the divine wisdom, of the moral nature of the sufferings of Christ, will find himself amid objects not calculated to excite his pride. 'Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, he will be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the very spirit of the Lord.' Growing into the character of Christ, he surely cannot be proud. It must be what he clearly sees in the object, it must be the spirit or influence of the object distinctly seen, that transforms him into its nature.—The believer in Jesus, being thus prepared, by the disposition he has received through the moral power of the sufferings of Christ, and having entered within the vail of the spiritual temple on earth, will assuredly also be with Christ in Heaven, where he now is, and will behold the glory he has there with his Father. Into that heavenly world has Christ gone as our forerunner; not to propitiate God by the expiation he has made, and so gain an admittance into Heaven for his followers. O no! All the imagery, which describes the service of Christ, as purifying the heavenly places, is but the costume of the truth presented in Christ's own words: 'In my Father's house, are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.'—Heaven will be a happier place, as Christ will be there, whose glory the believer shall be permitted both to behold and to participate.

* Taylor's Spiritual Christianity, Sec. 2.
† Ib.

For the Register.

A DIALOGUE.

Scene—A Parlor, with a wife and children. [Enter Husband.

Husband. My dear, you know spring has come, and the children always take their physic regularly in the spring. Now here is Doctor ——, an excellent young man; he seems very pious and learned, though his views of medicine differ entirely from mine. He says that arsenic is the proper medicine; that the old big wigs are all wrong; that arsenic is not a poison, but very good physic; and I have asked him to practise a little in our family, he is such a good physician; though, as I said, I entirely differ from him in all his views.

Wife. Does he want to poison the children?

Husband. I can't tell you exactly what he will give; he thinks arsenic a very good medicine.

Wife. Does he give arsenic to the children?

Husband. Yes, my dear. He gave some to Mr. Hawes' family, at South Boston, and some to old father Chauncey's. I don't know as anybody died, but some people were dreadfully sick.

Wife. He shan't make my children sick.

Children. Father! Father! won't he poison us? won't he poison us?

Father. Yes, my little dears, perhaps he may; at least, I think that arsenic is a poison.

Children. Father, don't make us take it. Do you want us poisoned?

Father. No, my dears. But we must encourage all physicians; if we don't agree with them, we ought not to refuse to take their medicine. I differ entirely from the Doctor's views. I know arsenic is a poison. I only propose to try it; only an ounce now and then. We must encourage all physicians.

Child. I don't like that poison-doctor.

Father. My dear, you must like all physicians, even poison-doctors, if they are good men. To be sure it is poison, but he is a good young man. Perhaps he won't put much in; perhaps it won't kill you.

Wife. I won't have the children take much or little. I won't have such dangerous stuff in the house.

Husband. Don't get in a passion, my dear, when I agree so entirely with you, that it is poison Perhaps they won't die. I will talk to the Doctor afterwards, and convince him that it is poison. I shall be very convincing. He can't stand before me.

Wife. What good will it do *then*? Convince him *first*.

Husband. We must encourage all physicians first, and convince them afterwards; this is common charity. So, Doctor, you may mix some medicine for the whole family. I leave it to your judgment to mix it. But I must plainly tell you my views; I think arsenic a poison: I differ from you entirely, and I will prove to you one of these days, that you are entirely wrong; and that my wife is right. So get your medicine ready. I am bound, in charity, to encourage all physicians; kill or cure, I hate distinctions. Did not old Dr. Calvin say, that I knew nothing of physic, and should not come into Old South's house, in Milk street; I said he ought to let me in. To be sure I had not any arsenic; but he suspected it. I must be consistent, if I don't give arsenic. I would not have given any for the world. I say 'tis a poison. Wife, I agree entirely with you, so get the children ready to take the medicine.

Wife. Get out of the house, Doctor. You shan't kill the children. I'll call the neighbors.

Husband. Wife, do be quiet, and let the children take their physic quietly. Don't I agree with you entirely? He shan't kill the children. As soon as I have a little leisure, I'll prepare a remedy; I know how to cure poison.

Wife. What is the matter with you, husband? What do you want them to take it for at all, if you want to cure it?

Husband. I will cure it with the greatest ease some time or other. I'll prove to the Doctor that he knows nothing at all. I say it's poison, and I'll prove it. I'll get my stomach pump, and get it all out of their stomachs one of these days. What will old Mr. Calvin say? Didn't I scold him because he would not take my physic? very good physic, too—not poison, like this. Give them some physic, Doctor. I'll take it all out with the stomach pump, or work it all off. Come, my little dears, I agree exactly with my wife. Open your mouth, now shut your eyes; I will explain it all to you, what it is, bye and bye.

Wife. Neighbors! neighbors! they are poisoning the children! Father Chauncey, Old Brattle, Young Purchase; neighbors, all neighbors; save the children. Run children, run.—Old South, anybody, come, come.

Old South (looks in.) I said that man had poison. If he hadn't, he has brought a fellow that has. I say it is all the same thing, and everybody else will say so too. If I don't tell of this ——, with his milk and water, and everything so innocent. Come to me, my little dears, and the poison man shan't touch you.

The humble current of little kindnesses which, though but a creeping streamlet, incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life, and makes neither noise nor appearance in the world—pours, in the end, a more bountiful tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound. [J. C. Neal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Discourse on the Twentieth Anniversary of his Ordination, delivered in the Church on Church Green, January 19, 1845, by Alexander Young. Published by Request. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1845.

In these days of change, especially of change in the ministerial relation, a man who has held any position for twenty years, and a minister who has faithfully fulfilled his duties to his flock for that long period, may well be allowed to give some account of himself, of his connections and his labors. Mr. Young uses the opportunity presented by the occurrence of the *twentieth* anniversary of his Ordination as Pastor of the Church on Church Green, to review his own course as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to record the particulars relating to the history of his Society during that period which would be of interest to its members. He finds a Text in Gen. xxxi. 41. 'Thus have I been twenty years in thy house.' The first paragraph of the Discourse is as follows:

'It is exactly twenty years this day, since I was ordained pastor of this Church, and set for the defence of the Gospel in this place. The transactions of that day, so big with lasting consequences to us all, are as fresh to my mind as though they had occurred but yesterday. The forms of the venerable men, whose hands were laid upon my head in the impressive act of consecration, of Porter, and Harris, and Tuckerman, rise up now distinctly before my mental vision, though they themselves are sleeping in their graves; and the accents of the solemn Charge, uttered by the lips of the eloquent Channing, are still ringing in my ears. These pews, these galleries, these aisles, are again peopled with the crowds that thronged them on that day. The young are here again, though twenty years have made sad havoc with the grace and beauty of their youthful forms. The middle-age of that day I see now before me, though their infirm steps, and furrowed cheeks, and gray locks, all tell plainly enough that twenty years have not passed over them without doing their slow and silent work. The aged of that day, I see here and there one; but most of them, alas! are gone. But the grave also this day gives up its dead—a vast multitude, of every age, which twenty successive years have taken away; and they all now appear before me, and take their wonted places here, and with bright eyes, and beaming faces, and interested looks, attend again to the solemn services of my Ordination, twenty years ago!'

As this Discourse will not probably be circulated much beyond the limits of the Society, we shall do our readers a service by extracting several passages. The Church has been in existence a hundred and thirty years, and has been equally honored in its ministers and in its members. It has had eight pastors, the earliest of whom, Checkley, alone had a longer ministry than that which Mr. Young has already exercised. Under the author's account of his Preaching, we find the following excellent remarks.

'On my settlement in this place, twenty years ago, the conviction was deeply impressed upon my mind that it was far better to concentrate the thoughts on one thing, than to dissipate them among a thousand—that it was better, at least for me, with my views and feelings, with my tastes and habits of study, to spend the time not demanded by recreation and health, in my library, in cultivating my mind and in preparing for the pulpit, rather than in holding a multiplicity of religious meetings, and so daily diluting the Word, which should be delivered out strong and concentrated from the sacred desk on the Sabbath. It was my conviction that at present day, in an intelligent community like this, the minister of religion, in order to be respected and useful, must be a thoroughly educated man—must be a theologian and a scholar, in order to be a preacher. In the infancy of New England, it was her glory and her boast, that 'every town and village within her borders had a scholar for its minister. It has hitherto been the proud distinction of the class of Christians to which we belong, that it has firmly maintained the necessity of a well-educated clergy; and the prevalence of our views among the more enlightened portion of the community is to be ascribed mainly to the intellectual power with which they have been set forth, and to the ability and learning which have always been found in the ranks of our religious teachers. My motto accordingly has been—Preaching first, and above all things; and, as indispensable to it, retirement and study. Though I have not shrunk from answering every reasonable call upon my time, and acceding to every reasonable request to promote important and judicious plans of benevolence and reform, I have thought that my studies ought not to be interrupted by any of these extraneous demands upon my attention. I have felt that my first duty was to my own people; that they had a right to my best services; and that my great work was the weekly preparation for the pulpit. On this conviction, I have acted—whether wisely or not, you will judge. At least, I can say that I have acted honestly and conscientiously. The experience of twenty years has not changed my conviction; and were I to commence my ministry anew, I should pursue precisely the same course.

And now in regard to the character of my preaching. I have aimed to have it strictly Scriptural and Evangelical. I have resorted to no church standard, to ascertain what the religion was that I should preach. I have consulted no creed or body of divinity, to determine what were the doctrines that I should inculcate. But I have gone at once to the Bible, to the New Testament, to the words of Jesus and his Apostles. Whatever I have found there, I have imparted to you; and wherever the Scriptures have been silent, I have been silent too. No one, I think, will accuse me of having concealed my sentiments, or of having endeavored to becloud the minds of my hearers in regard to the doctrines of religion. I have kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, nor shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. I have aimed to preach the pure, unadulterated Gospel, the simple truth as it is in Jesus. I have not preached human philosophy nor scholastic theology, but the authoritative declarations of the Son of God. I have not preached Socrates or Plato, Augustine or Calvin, Socinus or Priestley; no, nor even Paul or Apollos; 'for who is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom we believe?' I have preached Christ, and Christ alone,—the foundation, the corner-stone, the beginning and the end of the revelations of God. I have preached the Gospel on his authority; not simply because it is reasonable, or wise, or beautiful, but because he revealed it in the name and with the sanctions of the Most High. I have preached it not as an intellectual or æsthetical exercise, but as a moral and spiritual verity, the power of God unto salvation. I have preached Christ; not merely his name and offices, but his truth, his spirit, his life. I have preached Christ, without reference to the dogmas or formularies of any sect. I have studied the Gospel for myself, interpreted the New Testament for myself, and called no man master.

I have said nothing to you, brethren, about the Trinity; because I could not find that word, nor the doctrine of three equal divine persons, in the Bible. I have preached the supremacy of the Father, and the derivation and dependence of the Son; thinking that Jesus meant to be understood and believed, when he declared, 'My Father is greater than I. I do nothing of myself. The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, and the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works;' and thinking, too, that the doctrine of two natures in Christ is a mere theological subterfuge to evade the force of such passages as I have just quoted, and, what is worse than all, is a virtual, though of course an unintentional imputation upon our Lord's sincerity and veracity. I have preached the true Divinity of Christ; understanding thereby not his equality with God, but his supernatural origin, and his heaven-derived mission and ministry. I have preached the true doctrine of the Holy Spirit; not regarding it as a person, but as an influence from the Father, poured out in answer to prayer upon every one that asketh for it. I have preached the Depravity of man; not his innate depravity, nor his original sin, derived and transmitted from Adam, but his voluntary transgression, his personal iniquity, involving guilt, and entailing remorse, and demanding repentance, conversion, reformation. I have preached the Scripture doctrine of the Atonement; not the doctrine of the Atonement; not the doctrine of an angry and implacable God, incapable of forgiveness, insisting upon the full penalty of sin, and inflicting its whole weight upon his unoffending Son, as a substitute for the guilty world, and thus satisfying his unrelenting justice by the sacrifice of the innocent—but the Evangelical doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine of Reconciliation, whereby God is willing freely to forgive the sinner simply upon repentance, not imputing to him his trespasses any longer, but blotting them all out, and washing them all away—a doctrine which is so fully and beautifully illustrated in the parable of the Prodigal Son. That parable contains the true doctrine of the Atonement—forgiveness and reconciliation upon repentance. I have preached the doctrine of Retribution; not the doctrine of hell-fire, and bodily torments, and everlasting damnation; not the doctrine of a bottomless, impassable gulf, fixed between the two great classes of saints and sinners, the elect and the reprobate, in a future life,—but the doctrine of a righteous and impartial retribution, in which the peculiar circumstances, trials and temptations of each individual will be taken into the account; and the result of all will be, that in the world to come, there will be an infinite variety of condition and degrees of happiness, each one being happy there in exact proportion to his capacity for happiness, arising from the moral and spiritual state of his soul.

* * * * *

'Before closing what I have to say about my preaching, let me state the position which I have taken and firmly occupied in respect to what have been called the exciting topics, the agitating questions of the day, particularly intemperance and slavery. I have had my own distinct and decided views of those great social evils, and of the movements and measures that have been adopted to suppress and abolish them; and on all suitable occasions I have not scrupled to express those views, in the pulpit and elsewhere. I have always felt myself at perfect liberty to speak to you here on these as on other subjects; and, for one, I repel the calumny that the Boston pulpit is gagged by the people. My sympathies have always been with those who have combined to relieve humanity from these its two most appalling evils. But I must confess that I have often seen reason to lament their extreme and violent measures; and their denunciatory spirit and ribald abuse of better men than themselves have served to repel me from concerted action with them. When I have seen some of the frenzied advocates of total abstinence banishing the wine-cup from the Lord's table, and virtually censuring the Savior for his first miracle which he wrought in Cana of Galilee, and when I have heard the frantic leaders of the Abolitionists denouncing the Church and calumniating its ministers, I have involuntarily exclaimed, 'O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united.'

I reflected, too, that I was ordained to perform a specific work here, a work demanding all my time, and thoughts, and energies,—that I was set to till and dress this part of the Lord's vineyard—to watch over these immortal souls—not to rescue them from the dominion of some single vice, but to present every one of them perfect in Christ—not to lop off some of the branches of the tree of sin, but to fell its trunk and dig up its roots. This, it seemed to me, was a greater and more arduous work than even the suppression of intemperance or the abolition of slavery. At least it was the work to which I had been consecrated and pledged; and the preaching of the Gospel, as I conceived, included these as well as all other topics of Christian morals.'

The views presented in the following paragraphs of a minister's pastoral duties will find a response in the heart of every sincere friend of the ministry, and will be the index of a system which we believe Mr. Young has faithfully pursued to the comfort and edification of his flock.

'In regard to my pastoral duties, brethren, I believe you will bear me witness that I have never omitted nor neglected them, but have discharged them faithfully and fully, especially in seasons of sickness, bereavement, and affliction. Ye know from the first day that I came, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, and how I have taught you publicly, and from house to house. In justice to myself, let me here say, that however much I may have respected certain persons in the congregation, or however much I may have been indebted to their kindness, I have never been under the influence of any coterie, family or individual here, although this may at times have been suspected or insinuated. I have never bowed down to wealth or fashion. I have never flattered them; I have never courted their favors. I appeal to you, brethren, if I have. Whilst I have not been willing to join in the senseless outcry against the wealthy and more prosperous classes, I have recognized no distinction of this sort among my parishioners. I have visited all indiscriminately, if not equally. If there has been a difference or a preference, it has been in favor of the indigent, the lowly, the obscure. If I have visited the poor oftener than the rich, it is because—as is very natural—I have met in their dwellings a warmer welcome, a heartier reception, a more entire sympathy and confidence, and a greater readiness to receive religious counsel and exhortation, which should be the prominent object of pastoral visiting. The minister's visit to the poor man's family is of far more consequence to him than it can possibly be to the rich man, and of course is more earnestly desired, and more highly valued. The rich man has his troops of friends and fashionable visiters. He has all sorts of resources and appliances to make life comfortable, and time pass away agreeably. He has his luxurious saloons and his gorgeous furniture, his splendid library, his cabinet of curiosities, and his costly collection of the works of art, in painting, and engraving, and statuary. Not so with the poor man. His friends are few, his house often unfurnished and comfortless, his intellectual resources limited, his means of improvement and entertainment scanty. To him the pastor's call is an era in the year's history, an occurrence to be noted, an event anxiously expected, joyfully received, and gratefully remembered. I have seen the widow's heart leap for joy when I have crossed her threshold; and when I have sat down by her fireside, and read a chapter from her Bible, or a hymn from her psalm-book, —which her dim and failing sight would not permit her to read—she has given me a blessing which has stirred my soul, and sent me on my way rejoicing. Surely, then, the rich will not object to the more frequent visits which the pastor pays to the dwellings of the poor, though they may well envy him the happiness which, on such errands of love, he receives and imparts.'

In some brief statistics at the close of the Discourse, Mr. Young says that of the 161 families belonging to the parish at his Ordination, there remain only portions of 59, and that during his ministry, 110 heads of families have been numbered with the dead. He has attended 337 funerals; united in marriage 181 couples; baptized 284 individuals; and there have been added to the Church 150 persons.

Miss Dix's Memorial to the Honorable, the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey.

The moral heroism of Miss Dix, her devotedness in the cause of the insane poor, the sacrifices she has made, the labors she has performed, the peril and exposure of health she has encountered in journeying, and visiting prisons and alms houses, the fearless independence she has exhibited in prosecuting her investigations and in disclosing their results, the eloquent, persuasive, irresistible appeals she has made to the conscience and humanity of several legislative bodies, all her efforts in this cause place her name among the highest on the list of philanthropists, and entitle, nay! have secured to her the reverence and gratitude of every heart, that reveres disinterested goodness and rejoices in all that is done for the benefit of man.

We have been prompted to these remarks by reading the document whose title is given above, which contains an exhibition of the jails and almshouses of the State of New Jersey, with the number and condition of the insane poor in them, and an earnest appeal to the Legislature to make better and more humane provision for this class of persons, by the establishment of a State Hospital for the insane, and thus carry out a series of resolutions to this effect, passed in 1839. The document is full of sad and mournful details, of which we give the following.

In speaking of Sharptown Poor-house, she says,

'A crazy man had lived there; but, to employ the words of the mistress of the house, 'he *took worse* in August, and would wander into the woods, absenting himself till hunger forced his return;'—hastily appeasing his appetite, he would again depart, and finally '*he did not come back at all*:'—'he was worse, wonderfully worse,' said an old man sitting by, who listened to my inquiries with curiosity. '*Perhaps*,' resumed the mistress, 'he has gone home to his friends—we lay out to write; we have talked of it for some time.' 'How long has he been gone, do you say?' 'He went off in *August*.' It was now *November*;—a feeble insane man gone *three months* from the watch of those who had, officially, the care of him, and no diligent inquiry yet made; no search instituted, if perchance the perishing remains might be found in the forest, or the swollen disfigured corpse given up by the returning tide in the Shark-river: no letter yet written to relations 'at home,' to learn if, in sickness and pain, he had reached the familiar fireside, and the few he had loved; or to acquaint those poor kindred that he was missing, and they knew nothing of his fate. Fancy may busy itself concerning the probabilities of protracted suffering through pining debility, and the slow, painful approach of death; or it may picture the sudden, and almost unfelt termination of a miserable life: it may follow the, *perhaps*, yet living wanderer through difficult paths and weary journeys, now hungry, and cold, and confused, half comprehending evil, but not competent to combat with, or avoid it;—all this may fancy do; but *one* of these conditions must have been realized—*one was the sad true history*.

History of the Humane Society of Massachusetts &c. Prepared by the direction of the Trustees. Boston. Samuel N. Dickinson, Printer. 1845

We have always held the Humane Society in high respect, as one of our most truly useful and wise public charities; but we were ignorant of its early history, and were not aware, till we read the interesting document before us, of the extent to which the community is under obligations to it. It is one of the earliest of our charitable societies, dating back to 1786. Its specific object, as set forth in the act of incorporation, is 'for the recovery of persons who meet with such accidents as produce in them the appearance of death, and for promoting the cause of humanity, by pursuing such means, from time to time, as shall have for their object the preservation of human life, and the alleviation of its miseries.' This object the Society has pursued in various ways, such as erecting huts, furnished with fuel and clothing, and providing life boats, on exposed points of the coast, for the relief and rescue of shipwrecked mariners, and awarding premiums to those who, at the peril of their own lives, have made disinterested efforts to save the lives of others. But the labors and influence of the society, for the preservation of human life and the alleviation of its miseries, have not been confined to this sphere. It has contributed to other objects, and largely helped to lay the foundation of other charitable institutions. Through the influence of its members, and a subscription of five thousand dollars from its funds, it did much to establish the Massachusetts Asylum for the Insane. In the same way, by a later donation, it aided in establishing the Boston Lying-in-Hospital. An interesting portion of the document is an appendix, containing a selected list of premiums awarded by the Trustees, with extracts from the correspondence of the Society. From this portion of the pamphlet, we extract the following account of some of the early members of the Society, made in reference to a salute ordered by Gov. Hancock, to be fired, when the boat of the Society passed Castle William, on the occasion of the Annual visit of the Trustees to examine their huts &c. in the harbor, in 1790.

'A salute from the Castle, with 'the Governor's barge to accompany them,' may seem in these times a somewhat superfluous demon-

ration of respect to a charitable society, not et incorporated, on its customary tour of duty. ut those were days of ceremony and salutes. rench officers were among us, the ancient anners were not forgotten, and Governor ancock perfectly understood the characters of he men for whom he had ordered that token of spect. In truth, among the founders and ear- promoters of this Society were to be found hose, who were not only by courtesy and esignation of office' 'Honorable' and 'Rever- nd,' but were actually honored and revered as he 'stay and the staff' of the community.

The first on its records, and its first Presi- dent, was James Bowdoin, at the time of its formation the Governor of the State; a Chris- an gentleman, a ripe scholar, and an incorrup- ble statesman, who, before his country's In- dependence, incurred the royal displeasure by his assertion of his country's rights; and after- wards for his distinguished attainments in sci- nce was counted worthy of a fellowship with he Royal Society of London; who, to the re- inements of letters united a political sagacity nd firmness, of which the Commonwealth had ull benefit at a crisis of peculiar danger. His dministration, alike for its integrity and cour- ge, is a stern rebuke to those politicians, of which the race began in his day and has not eased, who in a popular tumult stoop to pur- hase popular favor at the costly sacrifice of the ublic welfare and the still costlier, of the per- anent respect of mankind.

Next is Thomas Russell, the first Vice-Presi- ent, who among the merchants of Boston con- essedly 'sat chief;' whose wealth, not of in- heritance but of honorable industry, no man could envy who knew of his charities; and whose princely hospitality at once did honor to the city where he dwelt, and was the delight at the time, and the cherished recollection for years after, of the multitude of strangers who shared it. Then follows Dr. John Warren, the trusted physician, remembered of many yet alive, who, with great skill and incessant activity in his pro- fession, combined an ardent zeal for the best interests of humanity. His patriotism, a fami- ly virtue, inherited from his fathers, was kindled afresh and kept glowing till his death by the fondness of his fraternal love, by the recollec- tion that a brother's blood was the price of his country's freedom. Dr. Simeon Howard was the first Treasurer, 'an Israelite indeed,' whose faithfulness in the little intrusted to his keep- ing might well be taken for example by others, holding like dignities, and to whom men have committed much. A patriarchal simplicity, en- grafted on his intellectual and moral worth, nev- er failed of conciliating regard. We might speak of Dr. Clarke, the first Corresponding Secretary, a polite scholar, a persuasive preach- er, and a favorite, alike with the aged, who loved him as a son, and with the young, to whom he was even as a brother. And when we have added to these the names of Lloyd and of Bulfinch, of Dexter and Freeman, of Parker and Lathrop, and of others, the founders or first members of the Society, it will not be difficult to admit, that few companies, civil or military, of laymen or of clergymen, ever passed Castle William, before or since, more worthy of the Governor's salute, than was the company of that day, which was August 5, 1790.'

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late master of Rugby School, and Regius Pro- fessor of Modern History, in the University of Ox- ford; by A. P. Stanley, Oxford. First American, from the third English edition; 2 vols. in one. New York, D. D. Appleton & Co. 1845; 12mo, pp. 509. Boston, Saxton & Kelt.

The life of this distinguished teacher, histo- rian, and divine, has been received with great favor in Great Britain, and its republication here is a service to many a good cause. Dr. Arnold was an Episcopalian, but he was more than this; a Christian, a man of enlarged and catholic views, a profound scholar, of good taste, of glorious views, and of the most exalted princi- ples. His correspondence, being very exten- sive, much of it with men of distinction in the various stations of life, and more still of it bear- ing upon recent and present questions of inter- est, in policy and religion, embraces an amount of good sense, of practical wisdom, and of an excellent spirit, seldom found in a single book, or coming from a single pen. The reader of the volume will find occasional references to Unitarians, and their views. That these refer- ences should be satisfactory to us, of course, could not be expected. But they are, for the most part, perfectly candid, free from the taint of bigotry, and exhibiting a liberality hardly to be looked for from one whose position and rela- tions were those of the author. The volume will explain and justify to every reader the ex- alted regard in which Dr. Arnold was held by all who knew him, or came within his influ- ence.

Saxton and Kelt have received a continuation of the Commentary on the whole Bible, now in course of publication by Wiley and Putnam, N. York. We have repeatedly called the attention of ministers, students, Sunday school teach- ers and others, to this cheap reprint of the Critical Commentary and Paraphrase on the Old and New Testament and the Apocrypha, by Patrick, Lowth, Arnald, Whitby and Low- man. It will be completed in sixty numbers, at twenty five cents each. The number last last published is the Thirty-Fifth, which con- cludes with the commencement of the text of the Lamentations of Jeremiah and of the com- ments thereon.

SHALL WE ADMIT DEISTS TO OUR PULPITS AND ANSWER THEM AFTERWARDS?

Suppose, that a gardener should invite some one to sow weeds in his garden, because he could afterwards pull them up.* Suppose, that a mason should send for a person to pull down the wall, which he was building, because he could afterwards build it up again. Suppose, that a general should invite the enemy into his fortification, trusting that he could drive him out. Suppose, that a lawyer, employed to ar- gue before the Legislature some of the recent railroad cases, should invite some other lawyer to use all his power and ingenuity upon the oc- casion to defeat his clients' cause and injure their interests, in the confidence that he could answer his arguments. Suppose, that some physician should call in another physician, who (as he believed) would give his patient danger- ous drugs, because he could administer an anti- dote. Suppose, that a mother should invite a person to bring a contagious disease into her nursery, because there were medicines for such a disease. Would not such a course be at vari- ance with what is usually called common sense! So the position sometimes maintained at the pres- ent time, that a minister may admit a deist into his pulpit because he thinks that he can after- wards answer his arguments, seems at variance with this common sense and for the same rea- sons. The business of the infidel is to sow weeds to choke the wheat,—to pull down the minister's work,—to attack, what the minister is set to defend,—to defeat his cause,—to intro- duce into the minds of his flock principles and doctrines, as dangerous to their souls, as nox- ious drugs and contagious disease are to their bodies.

The only answer must be to show, that the cases are not parallel. For this purpose it may be objected, that we cannot prevent the exist- ence of infidel doctrines, and the only safe way is to meet and answer them. But the cases do sufficiently illustrate the point to which we use them. If a man will sow weeds, why need it be in our garden; if he will pull down, why should we invite him to our own wall; if he will do, what we have stated in the other sup- posed cases, why should we select a time and place for him, so that the harm may fall upon us and those, for whom we are bound to care? Because all men may not escape, must we take care, that, at all events; some shall not escape, and that those shall be the friends, who trust us for their safety?

Another objection may be, that in the sup- posed cases the remedy may not be complete and certain; but it is certain, that Christianity can meet infidelity and refute it. But the ques- tion is not, whether Christianity can refute it, but whether it can put an end to it. The state- ments and arguments in the present attack on Christianity are precisely the same, which have been brought forward many times before, and they have been conclusively answered and tri- umphantly refuted, many times before. But notwithstanding this, infidelity always has exist- ed and still exists in the world. The very fact, that, so many times answered, it comes forward again, shows that a conclusive answer is not a more complete and certain remedy than exists in the cases supposed at the beginning of the arti- cle.

Unless the minister is certain, that he has more power, than all the former illustrious de- fenders of our faith put together, and that his answer is to produce a greater effect, than all former answers but together; he may expect, that infidelity in some minds will survive his efforts, as it has survived all theirs. Why then expose his flock to a danger, which, in all past experience of the world, *has proved fatal to so many, in despite of all the answers, which have been given?* What will be his regret, when his own experience confirms the experience of the world? But this is not all: he makes an example for others to follow; he lays down a rule, which must be general in its application. Now is every minister competent to answer in- fidels,—and who is to decide on their compe- tency? If not, then not only a good answer is no remedy, but there is no certainty of a good answer.

The objection to excluding deism may some- times be stated more generally. Christianity will stand the test—if it will not let it go; it is not from heaven and is worth nothing. *What test?* It will stand the test of a fair trial be- fore competent judges, as it has always done before. But, if we put the historical eviden- ces of Christianity on trial before the ignor- ant, who know nothing about it—to whom one statement is as good as another—who think what is most boldly and extravagantly asserted is most likely to be true, and judge by the manner instead of the substance, the result is a mere matter of chance. Or if we try them before the weak, who cannot comprehend or balance the evidence or the argument—to whose understandings the loosest and shallow- est argument may be the best suited; or before the prejudiced and perverse, whose minds are not in a fair state for the trial; who think it independence to reject acknowledged truth and consider it strength of mind to support novel- ties or paradoxes; the goodness of the cause will have little connection with its result. These are no tests. If it is meant, that Chris- tianity will defeat deism at all times and in all ways, then there could be no deism in the world now. If it were destroyed, as often as it is refuted, then truly no deist could be found, and the present difficulty could not have arisen. But, answered and refuted as it has been an hundred times, it still appears among us, as dan- gerous as ever. Put Christianity to the test; but do not force children to try the issue: nor those who have not the leisure, nor those who have not the will, nor those who have not sufficient knowledge and ability. You put in danger their souls by forcing upon them this question. Put Christianity to the test: but do not be- lieve, that any new answer will convince every mind, more than former answers have done; that refuting it in the minds of those, who can judge, will destroy it in the minds, which can- not, or will not. [Christian World.

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* The man in the parable, who found, that tares had been sown among his wheat, exclaimed 'an enemy hath done this.' This happened, before it was thought nec- essary to the carrying out of the principles of agricul- ture, to invite persons to work in wheat-fields, who made it a business to sow tares.

In our editorial capacity, we claim to have kept aloof from party politics. Upon all public questions, however, whether of a political nature or not, involving great principles of humanity and morals, we have felt ourselves at liberty, and often bound in duty to express an opinion, honestly and independently; and have consid- ered, justly we believe, that these questions are not, and cannot be regarded as mere political party questions. The recent vote in the House of Representatives at Washington, upon the Annexation of Texas, a question involving great principles of humanity and morals, shows that it was not decided on party grounds, in as much as several individuals of both the great political parties, voted in this matter, differently from their political associates.

We claim then not to have violated that po- litical neutrality which, as a religious newspa- per, we wish to maintain, in expressing our opinions upon the character and consequences of this proposed measure of annexation. With this explanation we give the following notices of an editorial article, which appeared in this paper last week. We certainly did not intend in that article to take any party ground, for we did not then know who was responsible for the salute on the common, and do not now believe that such a mode of proceeding in relation to such an event, meets the approbation of a 'ma- jority' of either party, or of any portion of our calm, sober, reflecting citizens.

The Mercantile Journal speaks thus of our article.

'The passage of the joint resolution in the House of Representatives, annexing Texas to the Union, seems to have caused surprise, and spread anxiety through various parts of the country. For it was not believed that any branch of our government would have dared to pursue a course which is a violation of the con- stitution, and argues an unprecedented usurpa- tion of power. Our religious papers of every sect—papers which have studiously stood aloof from party subjects, generally denounce the measure of Annexation as inexpedient, and de- structive to the interests of the people and the Union. The last number of the Christian Reg- ister, in an article referring to thesalute of one hundred guns, fired on the Common, as a mark of joy, on the reception of the news of the pas- sage of the resolution referred to—after dis- claiming any wish to act with or against any *political party*, in connection with this measure of annexation, makes the following sensible and eloquent remarks:'

The Boston Post of Tuesday, has the fol- lowing notice.

SALUTE ON THE COMMON. Such is the cap- tion of an article in the last Christian Register, a paper which has been published some years in this city, and which is considered the organ, if that may be called an organ which is destitute of efficiency, of the conservative fragment of the religious party or sect called Unitarian.

The article referred to affords a fair example of the kind of political neutrality belonging to this professedly religious and liberal paper. It is of the same character as an editorial of the week previous, in which modern abolitionism and Hartford Convention federalism received the most hearty endorsement that the fanatical and bigoted writer could give them. The Reg- ister, albeit remarkable for nothing so much as being sleepy itself and the cause of drowsiness in others, is found, on a sudden, rubbing its eyes and trying to throw off its usual vacant look, as if the salute on the Common 'of we know not how many guns' had broken its slumbers.

We can tell the Register that were many newspapers in the free States as ready as itself to second the call of fanaticism and sedition, it would soon hear the noise of more than one hundred cannon, and would see thousands of swords flashing in civil war. Let those who pretend to be preachers of peace, stick to their vocation, and not set themselves up as the rank- est partizan brawlers. Let those, whose office it is to expound texts of scripture, not go mad and froth at the mouth because they are not ac- knowledged expounders of the Constitution.

'There is,' says the Register, 'no longer any supreme and inviolable law of the land.' This declaration, so treasonable, so atrocious, is an ebullition of the impotent wrath of disappointed whiggery. Clay has lost his election, the whig party been defeated, and Texas pronounced, by the House of Representatives in Congress, a fit State to be admitted into the Union. Ergo, the Constitution is violated, the Union dissolved, and we, the very Christian Register and all oth- er humbug-federal-abolition-Conventionists, are ready to cry 'havoc and let slip the dogs of war.' Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, the cant of hypocrisy is unques- tionably the worst, and this, in the Christian Register, is joined with a sneaking partizanship, which will acknowledge no intelligence, no pa- triotism, no decency in any man unless he be a whig, nor in him, unless he be willing to receive as political law and gospel, whatever may be said and done by few antediluvian federalists, and worn out party hacks in Boston and vicinity. If this paper would not unchristianize Christi- anity, let it drop its soubriquet of Christian and call itself WHIG REGISTER, and let its motto be *unceasing hostility to the rights of the majority.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR CHILDREN.

Habits of idleness are the worst that can be induced upon a child. We must all be active in this life, if we would be either respectable, useful, or happy. And if the habit of sloth- fulness be contracted in youth, it is not easily re- moved afterwards. It clings with more tenaci- ty, perhaps, than almost any other habit.

Then, again, it is equally important that the habit be formed of turning one's activity to good account. However nimble of limb and fond of exercise one may be, it is of but little value to him or to society, unless his activity be expended to some good purpose. And the habit of em- ploying one's time in evil or useless sports, is as inveterate as that of slothfulness.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," is the injunction. This, we believe, means that he should be always employed about something useful. We do not mean that mere frolic should always be strictly forbidden. This may be in- nocently indulged in both by children and older persons, when it interferes with no duty. But we do mean that every child, after it begins to go alone, should, every day, be taught to do something useful. The habit is worth every thing to it. The child should also be taught the value and cost of its enjoyments, and be made to consider that they may be bought at too dear a price.

All this we believe to be perfectly practicable in the education of children. How easily can the little girl be made to do small favors for her mother! She may be taught to pick up her thimble, bring her work-basket, and do a thou- sand and one little things, and in such a manner as to be led to feel that she is doing something useful thereby, and that this is a part of the ob- ject of her existence. Thus labor, associated with the sunny sports of childhood, appears hon- orable to her riper mind, and she engages in it with pleasure and delight.

Children, especially in cities, grow up too much in idleness, and if in idleness, then in vice; for the one is the parent of the other. Will not those who have these little immortals under their care, deeply consider the obligation to teach them habits of useful industry? [Social Moni- tor.

PUSEYISM IN ENGLAND.

The Bishop of Exeter has the honor of stand- ing foremost among the clergy of England, in the attempt to restore the superstitions and for- malities of an ancient will-worship, which are classed under the title of Puseyism. He has lately made such bold manifestations of his spirit, that his parishioners in the city of Exeter have taken the matter under consideration at a meet- ing held on January 2d. The following resolu- tions were adopted, with but one dissenting voice.

'That this meeting remembering that 'Christ's Gospel is not a ceremonial law,' but a religion to serve God, not in the bondage of the fig- ure or shadow, but in the freedom of the spirit (as set forth in the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer,) regards with deep regret and painful apprehension, the attempted revival by some of the clergy at large, and by the bish- op of this diocese in particular, of obsolete ritual observances and usuages unsuited to the present time, in no wise essential to vital reli- gion, repugnant to the deeply rooted Protestant feelings and principles of the laity, and there- fore endangering our church as by law estab- lished; and this meeting, considering that the evils and dissention prevailing and increasing in our church are mainly attributable to such at- tempted revival of obsolete rubrics and conflicting laws, and deploring the fatal consequences of such dissension to the usefulness, stability, and peace of our beloved church, (severing as it does the people from her communion, and creating discord among her members, and diver- sity of practice in the different dioceses through- out the land,) resolves to seek by every consti- tutional means, the redress of the grievances and evils before referred to.'

A form of a petition to the Queen, embodying the sentiments of this resolution, was adopted unanimously. John Daw, Esq., in advocating it said:

'The danger to the church by allowing their obsolete rubric to remain was great, and when they saw the tendency it had to divide the cler- gy and laity, it was dreadful to contemplate. It was consoling, however, to think they had on their side a majority of the bishops, the great er portion of the clergy, and what was more than all, the almost entire body of the laity— (cheers.')

DANGEROUS SPORTS. We copy the follow- ing communication from the Daily Advertiser of Wednesday. Cannot our police apply a remedy for such reckless and dangerous proceedings?

MR. EDITOR:—On Thursday evening, a poor man walking along Southack street, was thrown down by the sled of a boy coasting down the hill, and whilst down another boy ran against his head. The man is now dangerously ill of a brain fever, from which the prospect of recovery is doubtful. If he dies, he leaves a wife and four children, all un- der six years of age. If he recovers it will be after some weeks' suffering of highly acute pain, and in the mean time his family are put to expense, very great for their means, and are deprived of his ser- vices. Returning last evening from visiting his sick bed, where I left him writhing in pain and in high delirium, with his family about him in deep afflic- tion, I found hundreds of boys pursuing their amusement on the same hill, and of course exposing many passers by to the same accident which had befallen the poor man whose state I have described. Last year a laboring man was killed outright in the same neighborhood. May I ask whether there is any Police regulation on the subject, or whether it is a matter of course, that a man should be an- nually sacrificed, and that the boys should still pur- sue an amusement so dangerous to others. C.

DISTILLERIES. From the latest authorities, it appears that the number of distilleries in the United States, is 10,406; the number of gallons of distilled liquors produced annually, is 41,602,607, which, if sold at twenty cents per gallon, would produce $8,320,501 40. What untold misery is the result of this enormous and degrading traffic!

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOLS. The whole num- ber of children in the Commonwealth, between the ages of four and sixteen, is 192,027. Amount raised for the support of schools, including the in- come of the surplus revenue, $558,197 23, being nearly $41,000 more than was raised the previous year. $37,951 90 are contributed for board and fuel, making an aggregate for common school pur- poses of $596,149 13.

A change has been made in the Post Office in Lancaster, Mass., by the appointment of Nathaniel Rand in the place of J. W. Huntington, removed.

FIRES. At this season of the year, those having to do with fires, should be extra careful of them. Many a family has been burnt out of house and home, by the carelessness of some one depositing a shovel full of ashes in a bar- rel, or box. Some one carelessly makes up a great fire, and goes off and leaves it, not giving a single thought to even turn round and see if it is safe, notwithstanding paper or light shav- ings may be lying round the mouth of the stove; another runs a funnel through a board partition, and his neighbor equally as careless, runs his funnel into the chimney and stops the fireplace up with a board. A smoker puffs away lustily at his segar, until it burns his nose, and away it goes all on fire into some wood pile, on a floor, or in some corner where light combustibles have collected; a cinder has gathered on the lamp wick, that must be removed, for it dims the light, no matter where the cinder goes to if it is a ball of fire; another must certainly go to the barn or wood shed after dark, with an open light, for some trifling purpose, which should have been attended to by daylight; children have friction matches put into their hands to play with; a light is set down carelessly and the house is on fire in consequence; the chim- ney has been on fire two or three times, but burning of it out does not occur to us until the house is burnt up. We might go on with these little incidents, but it is all of no use, people will be careless about these things, and it cannot be helped; it does but little good for a newspaper editor to preach. [Essex Banner.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY. There has just been published a History of the Humane Society of Massachusetts. It was prepared chiefly, we sup- pose, from the records of the Society, by a Com- mittee of which Rev. Dr. Parkman, the President of the Society, and for many years one of its dis- tinguished members, was chairman. It is a very interesting publication, consisting in a great mea- sure of a record of successive acts of benevolence, from the date of the establishment of the Society in 1786, to the present time. It originated in the benevolent design of suggesting and encouraging means for 'the preservation of human life, and the allevintion of its miseries.' This has been done in various ways, such as awarding premiums for dis- interested exertions and sacrifices for the preserva- tion of human life and the prevention of suffering— by erecting huts provided with fuel and clothing, and life boats, on exposed points of the coasts for the relief of mariners suffering shipwreck—by lay- ing the foundation of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Insane, by a donation of $50 00—by laying the foundation, by a later donation, for the Boston Lying-in-Hospital—and by various other acts by the Society in its aggregate capacity. A very in- teresting portion of the publication consists of the long list of meritorious and benevolent actions, chiefly for the saving of life, which have received the acknowledgement of the Society by the award of premiums. It contains also a list of the princi- pal benefactors of the Society, with their munifi- cent donations. It concludes with a list of those who were members of the Society in 1810, in which are embraced many who have since departed from among the living, but who are long will be re- membered for their works of benevolence. [Daily Adv.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BOSTON. The Baptist Church in Federal street, has been purchased by a gentleman, and a line of stores will be erected on its site in the spring. Gragg's stable, which cost less than $20,000, will probably be sold for $80,- 000, and a splendid row of warehouses be erected on its site and also on Atkinson street. A magnifi- cent hotel is to be built in Bumstead Place, to be completed in 15 months, which has already been leased to Major Barton and Capt. Comstock.

In addition to these, the new structure of the Mechanics' Association, in Bowdoin square, the Horticultural edifice in School street, and the su- perb Gothic church in Hanover street, with thou- sands of stores and dwellings to be erected in the Spring, will afford some indication of the increasing thrift and prosperity of the Bay State city.

[Times.

MAUVAIS' COMET. Observations for the ele- ments of this comet have been made, we un- derstand, at the depot of charts. The nucleus is plainly visible through the Equatorial, though it cannot be seen at all with a common Tele- scope. This visiter will not be visible long, as it is now receding from the earth at the rate of two or three millions of miles a day. [National Intelligencer.

FROZEN. A young man started from this city on Saturday, for Lowell, on foot, and when he had proceeded five or six miles, was so exhaust- ed from cold that he was obliged to seek shelter. On examination, says the Eagle, it was ascer- tained that both his feet and legs were badly frozen. He was taken to the Massachusetts Hospital in this city, in a state of great anguish, and amputation of both legs was found neces- sary. He had a pair of very tight boots, which are supposed to have impeded the circulation of the blood.

FIRES. The plough-shop of Mr. James B. Ware of Oakham, was destroyed by fire on Thursday, the 23d ult. Loss, from $700 to $800. No insurance.

The Cotton Factory of the Centre Mills Com- pany, in Scantic Parish, East-Windsor, Conn., was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last. The fire was discovered about one o'clock. Insured at Providence for $4000.

VIGNOLE'S CARPET TAPESTRY—ANOTHER APPLICATION OF INDIA RUBBER. This tapestry is made on the principle of the ancient Mosaics, and without either painting or coloring, all the effect is produced by worsted thread, about one eighth of an inch long; standing vertically one end is seen, the other is cemented by India rub- ber to a cloth. The Lon. Mag. of Science re- marks that from the facility of reproduction, this fabric is likely to come into general use for carpets, rugs, curtains, tables, and chair covers, &c.

NO BIBLE—NO SCHOOL MONEY. The ques- tion whether any school from which the Bible is excluded, is entitled, under the existing law, to receive a share of the public money, is now put in the way of being judiciously settled, both Boards of the Common Council having passed a resolution directing the Comptroller not to pay money to any school in which the Bible is pro- hibited, or from which it is excluded. [Journal of Commerce.

The cold is excessively severe in the up-country. At Bellows Falls, on Saturday morning, the thermometer stood at seven below zero, and at Concord, N. H., about the same. At Albany it was at zero.

FIRE. The coopering establishment of Messrs. Nichols & Florence, on Allen's wharf, in Salem, was destroyed by fire on Friday morning. It is sup- posed to have been caused by an incendiary. The stock and tools were valued at $2500—no insur- ance. The building belonged to Robert Brook- house, and was not insured.

REMARKABLE AND MELANCHOLY DEATH. On Friday evening last, an infant about four months old, son of Mr. William Poole at this place, was found dead in the cradle, with a large cat belong- ing to the family on his breast and neck, and which no doubt caused the truly melancholy event. [Yar- mouth Herald.

CAUTION. On the 29th ult. at Brooklyn, a fine little girl, three years of age, daughter of Mr. Al- exander Vance, set her clothes on fire with a light- ed chip with which she was playing, and was so much burned that she died next day. The mother of the child had left her but a few moments before, on a visit to a neighbor.

SALE OF A MEETING-HOUSE. The house of worship belonging to the Federal-street Baptist Church and Society, with the land on which it stands, was sold a few days ago, and the walls will soon be torn away, to make room for the erection of stately warehouses. The society has for some time past been impressed with the importance, if not absolute necessity, of removing from a location rendered daily more ineligible by the rapid tide of business in that portion of the city. [Christian Watchman.

A writer in the National Intelligencer states that he observed, a short time since, in a bookstore in New York, a package of pamphlets, weighing sixty- six pounds, addressed to a bookseller in Illinois, who, being also a postmaster, his merchandize went postage free. This addition to a mail in mid winter, to be sent a thousand miles, is a fair illus- tration of the present operation of the postage laws.

☞ The Fifth Anniversary Celebration of the Suf- folk Street Chapel Sunday School will be held on Sunday (to-morrow) evening, Feb 9th, commencing at half past 6 o'clock.

Addresses may be expected from Rev R. C. Waters- ton, Rev F. D. Huntington, and Rev J. Harrington, Jr.

A collection will be taken up for the benefit of the Sunday School.

The public are invited to attend.

☞ REV. DR. SHARP will preach at the War- ren Street Chapel, Sunday evening, Feb 9, at 7 o'clk. f8

☞ UNION MEETING. The Monthly Union Meeting will be held at the Bulfinch street Vestry on Thursday evening next, at 7 o'clock. f8

☞ THE CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL AS- SOCIATION will meet in Cambridge, on Tuesday next, at the house of Rev Dr. Francis, at the usual hour.

f8 WM. NEWELL, Sec'y.

☞ NOTICE. There will be a public meeting of the Boston Port Society holden on Tuesday evening next, at seven and a half o'clock, at Rev Dr Gannett's Church, Federal street. The Report of the Secretary will be read, and addresses made by Rev Mr Taylor and several gentlemen interested in the success of the Bethel and the efforts of the Society in promoting the welfare of seamen.

The members of the Corporation are requested to meet in the Church at 6½ o'clock, for the purpose of choosing their officers, and completing their organiza- tion for the ensuing year.

f8 CHARLES HENRY PARKER, Sec'y.

☞ MONUMENT TO DR. TUCKERMAN. The gentlemen appointed at a late meeting to collect subscriptions from the various Churches for the pur- pose of erecting a Monument to the memory of Dr. Tuckerman, are requested to meet at the Tremont Temple on Tuesday next, at 2½ o'clock, P. M.

E. S. GANNETT,	R. W. BAYLEY,
H. B. ROGERS,	J. T. SARGENT,
F. T. GRAY,	ELIJAH CORB,
C. F. BARNARD,	R. C. WATERSTON.

f8

☞ J. B. GOUGH ON SABBATH EVENING. This favorite lecturer will speak at the Tremont Tem- ple on Sabbath evening, 9th inst. at 7 o'clock. This will be the last opportunity of hearing him for some months. Admittance 12½ cents, in aid of the cause.

MOSES GRANT, Pres. B. T. Soc'y. F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y. f8

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treas- urer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars as a New Year's Gift of Mrs L. P. Wood of Keene, N. H., to constitute her Pastor, Rev Abiel A. Livermore, of that place, a Life Mem- ber. f8

☞ GREAT CONVENTION! The Massachusetts Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment will hold a Convention in the Hall of the House of Repre- sentatives on the evening of February 10th, at 7 o'clk. Robert Rantoul, Jr., Wendell Phillips, Dr Walter Channing, Rev John Pierpont, Rev E. H. Chapin, and other distinguished friends of the cause are ex- pected to address the meeting. f1

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Rob- bins, Theodore Frothingham to Mary Frances, daugh- ter of the late Hon. Frederic Wolcott, of Litchfield, Conn.

On Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Butler, Mr. E. B. Phillips of Boston, to Miss Maria R., daughter of Henry Ayling, Esq., of Roxbury.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Sam- uel Blanchard, Esq. of Medford, to Mrs. Ruthena Hil- liard, of Lexington.

In Cambridge, 29th ult, by Rev. Mr. Willis, Mr. William F. Gay, of Watertown, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Stillman Willis, Esq.

In Providence, 3d inst. Mr. Henry Tilden, of New Bedford, to Miss Catharine A., daughter of Job Car- penter, Esq.

In Westfield, Vt., 1st ult., Mr. Amos Holton, of Boston, to Miss Emily W. Chamberlain of W.

At the Sac and Fox Agency, Raccoon River, Iowa Territory, Dec. 25, Alexander Street, Esq., son of the late Gen. Street, to Miss Amelia F., youngest daugh- ter of the late Col. William Beach, of Gloucester, Ms.

DEATHS.

In the city, 1st inst., Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Joseph B. Whall, 22.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Harriet, wife of John H. Harris, and daughter of Col. Jesse Harding, of Haverhill, Mass., 38.

On Sunday last, at the Mass. General Hospital, Mr. Thomas Reingle, 52, of Boston, a scenic artist. Thus a gentleman of talent and an original genius hath de- parted from us. Many will mourn his absence. His disposition was ever such as to make others happier than himself.

Mr. Josiah Simonds, 78.

In South Boston, 1st inst., James Henry, son of Na- thaniel Fernald, 4 years.

In Charlestown, Boardman Williams, late of the Senior Class of Brown University, 26.

In Medford, 4th inst., Mrs. Abby L., wife of John Angier, Esq., and daughter of the late Judge T. B. Adams, of Quincy, Mass.

In Brookline, on Friday, William Henry, only child of Geo. W. Thaxter, of Boston, 6 years.

At Salisbury Mills Village, Mrs. Ruth, widow of the late Jacob Brown, Esq., 85.

In York, Me., Dinah Gerrish, (colored) 101.

In Wiscasset, Me., 26th ult., Mr. John Williams, 84, a soldier of the revolution.

In Washington Co., N. Y., 28th ult., Mr. John Lar- abee, a soldier of the revolution, 93.

In White Pigeon, Mich., Jan. 9th, Weston W. Bliss, formerly of Boston.

In Matagorda, Texas, Mr. John Marden, formerly of Boston, 33.

Lost overboard from brig Souther, at Holmes' Hole, 25th ult., on the passage from Port au Prince to Bos- ton, Capt. John Hardy, master.

FRENCH BOOKS. Adventures de Telemaque, par Fenelon; Historie de Charles XII. par Vol- taire; Theatres Francais Chefs-D'Œuvre Dramat- iques de Racine, 6 vols; Theatres Francaise, Œu- vres de Moliere, 6 vols plates; Corinne, ou D'Italie, par Mme. La Baronne de Stael, 2 vols, plates; Fable de la Fontaine; Mes Prisons, Par Silvio Pellico, plate; Pensees de Blaise Pascal; De L'Allemagne, par Mme. La Baronne de Stael, 2 vols; Promenades dans Paris par C. H. de Mirval, illustrated; Contes de Madame Guizot, 8 vols, plates, (each complete in itself;) Proverbes Dramatiques par M. Theodore Le- clercq, 8 vols, 8 vols; La plus facile des Grammaires, par M. Emilie de Bonnechose; Maximes et Reflex- ions Morales du duc de la Rochefoucauld suives de quelques pensees de Pascal; Historie de Gil Blas de Santillane, par Lesage, plate; Historie des Naufrages Celebres par P. Dantreygas, 2 vols, plates; Theatres Francais chefs-d'œuvre de Pierre et Thomas Cor- neille, 5 vols, plate; Dictionaire Universel de la Lan- gue Francaise, avec le Latin et L'Etymologie par P. C. O. Boiste; Bonnechose Historie de France.

For sale at SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row. f8

MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER for 1845.— JAMES LORING, 132 Washington street, has just published the Massachusetts Register and United States Calendar, for 1845, containing the State Leg- islature, City Officers of Boston, the last Tariff and a comparison of former Tariffs, a List of Physicians, Clergy, Lawyers and the Militia revised by Gen. Oli- ver. Also, Societies, religious, literary and charita- ble; Banks; Insurance and Railroad Companies; Presidential Votes, and other useful matter. 3w f8

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No 38, for Febru- ry 8.

—CONTENTS—

Correspondence; Danish Literary Men, Œhlenschlag- er's Autobiography; The Sandwich Islands; The Christian Observer; Dr Bowring; Cycle of Celestial Objects; Dr Wigan's Duality of the Mind; History of the Oregon Territory; Col Maxwell's Adventures; Slavery in Turkey; Court of Louis XV. and Fall of the Jesuits; Punch; A Farm Cultivated by the In- sane; Improvement of the Poor; Col Yanez, a Mexi- can Story of the present day; A Prospectus; Civili- zation; The New Governor of Pennsylvania; The Church of England; Iron from India; Oregon, Letter from a Missourian; Relentings of the War Factions; Poetry; Scraps.

Published by T. H. CARTER & CO., 118½ Wash- ington st. f8

THE YOUNG MAIDEN, 6th edition. This day published, the sixth stereotype edition of The Young Maiden, by A. B. Muzzey, author of the Young Man's Friend, Man a Soul, &c.

—CONTENTS—

The Capacity of Woman, Female Influence, Female Education, Home, Society, Love, Single Life, Rea- sons for Marriage, Conditions of True Marriage, So- ciety of Young Men, First Love, Conduct during En- gagement, Trials of Woman and her Solace, Encour- agements.

The Young Maiden is now put up in a new and very beautiful style of binding, and is sold at a discount of one-fifth from the former price.

It will be found to be one of the most useful and ap- propriate gifts for a young lady, ever published. Pub- lished by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington street. f8

WANTED,—A permanent Home for a promising orphan boy, 5 years of age. Apply to C. F. BARNARD, 5 Warren st. Boston. f8

FURNESS'S FAMILY PRAYERS. Recently published, the 2d edition of Domestic Worship, by W. H. Furness, containing an introduction, fifteen prayers for morning, fifteen for evening, six for Sun- day, two forms of social service, and prayers to be used on occasion of birth, sickness, death, Christmas, Good Friday, Fourth of July, New Year, and last night of the year, to which are added appropriate hymns—price reduced. Published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington st.

TO NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS AND OTH- ERS. A Gentleman who has had many years ex- perience in conducting newspapers, and who is a grad- uate of one of the Universities, is desirous of obtain- ing employment as an Editor, or as an assistant Edi- tor and Reporter, or as a Writer, or Copyer. The highest testimonials as to ability and personal charac- ter, can be produced, by references to gentlemen of respectability in this city. Address I. R. F., (post paid) to this office. 3tis f0

CHANNING'S WORKS. Just received, a large supply of the new edition of Rev W. E. Channing's Works, 6 vols. BENJ. H. GREENE, f8 124 Washington st.

PARKER'S SERMON. In press, and will be published in two or three days, 'Rev Theodore Parker's Sermon, preached at the Masonic Temple on Sunday, Jan 26, 1845. BENJ. H. GREENE, f8 124 Washington st.

JEFFERSON'S MANUAL. A Manual of Parlia- mentiary Practice composed originally for the use of the Senate of the United States. By Thomas Jef- ferson. With references to the practice and rules of the House of Representatives. The whole brought down to the practice of the present time; to which are added the Rules and Orders together, with the joint rules of both Houses of Congress, and accompanied with copious indices.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Wash- ington, opposite School st. f8

PAMPHLETS ON SLAVERY. An Address de- livered in the Court House in Concord, Mass., on the 1st of August, 1844, on the Anniversary of the Emancipation of the Negroes in the British West In- dies. By R. W. Emerson. Published by request.— Second thousand.

A Sermon on Slavery, delivered Jan. 31, 1841, re- peated June 4, 1843, and now published by request; by Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury.

Report made to the Chamber of Deputies on the Abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies, by Alex- is de Tocqueville, July 23, 1839. Translated from the French; &c. &c.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Wash- ington, opposite School st. f8

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELI- GIOUS MISCELLANY, for January, 1845.

This number of the Examiner and Miscellany com- mences a new year, and is continued to all the sub- scribers, with the hope that the manner in which it has been conducted during the past year has met their approbation, and that it has proved itself worthy of the support of the denomination.

The Editors have made every exertion to render the work what it should be, and to present, every two months, a number worthy of a journal whose pages have been consecrated by the writings of a Worces- ter, Channing, Tuckerman and Ware. An adequate reward for this labor can only be found in an extended interest in their exertions—and thus far there has been no cause of complaint. A regular increase in the number of subscribers, during the past year, has seemed to show an increasing interest among the de- nomination towards their chief periodical. The pub- lisher asks only for a continuance of this favor. Let every man not 'borrow of his neighbor,' but do what he can to extend its circulation. There are many of our Societies in which we have not a single subscriber, and to this fact the publisher would respectfully ask the attention of the clergymen

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

HYMNS ADAPTED TO MUSIC, No. 16.

ZEAL TRUE AND FALSE.

TUNE—*'Watchman.'*

Zeal, that inflames the heart,
With differing fires may burn;
May love diffuse, or arms impart,
And peace to warfare turn.

Meek as the harmless dove
The ardor Heaven inspires;
Its eagle powers are winged with love;
A wing that never tires.

Yet there's a burning zeal,
Which other fires inflame;
Though vaunting much, her works reveal
The world, from which she came.

Wise men indeed may err,
And make their fervor vain;
The just misled may wrong prefer,
And thus their glory stain.

O! may no party ends
The glowing heart misguide;
A heavenly zeal with mercy blends,
Refined from selfish pride. S. W.

[For the Register.]

HYMN.

O grant us, Lord, a humble heart,
A heart from envy free;
Let pride and vanity depart,
Our thoughts be all of thee.

For what is man in best estate?
How little here to boast!
How oft in sin and pride elate,
How oft in folly lost!

Do thou, O God, our souls awake,
And raise them from the dust,
The path of wisdom may we take,—
In thee repose our trust.

O let us true and humble be,
Let faith and hope prevail,
From sin and all its wiles set free,
Let doubt no more assail.

Then shall our souls have peace and rest,
Reposing in thy love,—
Then with thy favor truly blest,
We'll soar to heaven above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, there lived in Rome a good old Senator, who had two daughters. Veronica and Berenice were noted, less for their beauty and gentleness, than for the extraordinary resemblance they bore to each other, and for their mutual affection. These girls were twins, their mother had died during their infancy, and it was found, after her death, that a mother's eye only had been able to distinguish the children. Had their father, Flavius Torquatos, bestowed much of his time and attention on them, he might have acquired the same power of discrimination; but the noble patrician's hours were divided between the senate-house and the court; and when he came home at night, wearied, he was well enough pleased to play with his two sweet little girls without further troubling himself concerning them. And yet he was a kind father; he entreated his widowed sister to take up her abode with him, that she might take care of the children; he alluted for their use a magnificent suite of rooms; he purchased for them a numerous train of slaves. Veronica and Berenice had scarcely a wish ungratified.

As they increased in years, the remarkable similarity of their persons remained undiminished, but their characters became essentially different. Berenice was pensive, gentle, it might be somewhat melancholy, studious, and fond of retirement; Veronica was volatile, giddy, of quick and warm affections, yet did these points of difference not lessen their fond affection.

They had completed their sixteenth year, when, among other presents brought by their father on his return from a visit to the east, was a young female slave of extraordinary intelligence and merit. She soon became the favorite of Berenice, and the noble young Roman would frequently recline for hours on her couch, while the slave beside her, occupied at her embroidery, would tell her tales of her own family and native land. She wept when she spoke of her peaceful home and aged parents, and Berenice felt as though she loved the girl the more for her fond regret. She asked her for what cause her liberty had been forfeited, for she knew that Alice had not been born a slave, but on this point she could not obtain satisfaction. Berenice would not pursue the painful subject, but her sister's curiosity was not so easily suppressed. She questioned her father, and the reply of Flavius made both his daughters start with horror.

"It was for crime," he said, "for crime of a blacker nature than you can conceive, for crime that merited death, but I pitied her youth; nay," he continued, "be not alarmed, she cannot, will not injure you; she is gentle and skilful in the healing art, for this reason I have her about you, and—you are Romans, and noble, Berenice!—you will not descend to undue familiarity with a slave."

Berenice remembered this injunction; she meant to obey it; but shortly after this conversation she was attacked by a painful illness, and, during the tedious hours of sleepless nights, she could not refrain from desiring Alice to tell her stories, and sing her songs, as she had been wont to do. Often and often as she watched the quick soft step of her attendant, and compared her unwearied assiduity and gentle activity with the indolence and carelessness of her other slaves, she wondered what could be the crime of which so meek and unoffending a creature had been guilty. One night, she felt worse than usual, and having persuaded her sister to retire for awhile, she lay perfectly still, meditating on the past, and on the future, that fearful future, of which she knew so little, and which she so much dreaded. Alice was kneeling by her couch, and believing her mistress to be asleep, she prayed in a soft voice to the God of the Christians for her recovery. Berenice listened in still attention; she heard, to her surprise, the medtation of a Being implored, of whose very existence she was totally ignorant; she saw Alice rise at last, with an expression of resignation and holy hope in her meekly raised eyes, which she had never witnessed in the votaries of Jove. She called the trembling girl to her side, and bade her quickly explain her sacred faith. Alice hesitated; she knew the danger she would incur for both, and some remains of the fear of man yet lingered about her heart; but she conquered the unworthy feeling, and, drawing from the folds of her robe a roll of parchment, she read aloud to her attentive auditress the record of the most surprising event in the history of mankind.

* * * * *

Many months had passed away. One evening the sisters were together in their own apartment. Veronica stood before a mirror, her vest of satin, her flower-wreathed robe, her zone of brilliants told that she was preparing for a festival. At the farther end of the room Berenice was seated. She was arrayed in a plain white dress, and her long hair fell unbraided in its own rich luxuriance about her throat and shoulders; with one hand she fondled a snow-white dove, and ever and anon her dark hair fell over the gentle bird, and it nestled lovingly within it; the other rested on a parchment which appeared to engross the maiden's deepest attention.

"Come now, Berenice," said her sister, playfully fixing the wreath of roses, prepared for herself, on her sister's brow, "lay aside for once your melancholy book, and send your dove to his rest, and come down with me to the banquet." Berenice looked up, and answered gently.

"Not so, Veronica, not to-night; it is the anniversary of poor Alice's death; and did she not die for love of me, watching and waiting when all others slept! Her image has been with me through the day; I cannot join the banquet with my heart full of sad memories; leave me, sister;" and Berenice took off, and returned the wreath.

"Yet listen, one word more; thou knowest who will be there this evening. My father will frown, and Lucius Emilius will sigh when I go in alone. Lucius departs to-morrow for the battle; and shall he go without one benison from his affianced?"

"No," replied her sister, speaking low and faltering; "you, Veronica, will tell him that I wait to see him here, before his departure."

"Berenice! my sister, bethink you of our father; remember his patrician prejudices; surely this step—"

"Go, dear sister," answered Berenice, mildly yet firmly; for the love that you bear me, do me this errand. I would not any other eye should mark the weakness I fear to betray at parting with one whom my father has commanded me to love; tell my father I am unwell, and it is true, my head and heart ache—go, dearest." And Veronica, unconvinced, yet persuaded by the tears of her sister, which in truth were flowing fast, left her alone.

Berenice resumed her reading, but not for many minutes; she arose and shut the volume, saying, "Not thus, not thus, with divided attention, and with wandering thought, may I presume to read this holy record." She placed it within a small golden casket, locked it carefully, and then walked forth into a balcony; on which the windows of the apartment opened. The moon had just risen and shed soft light on the magnificent buildings of the eternal city; the cool, thin air swept over the brow of the maiden, and calmed her agitated thoughts; she had a bitter trial before her, for she was about to inflict a deep wound on the heart of one whom she loved with all the innocent fervor of a girl's first affection: and she trembled, as she pictured to herself his surprise and sorrow. Then Berenice looked up at the quiet of the evening sky, and thought of the time, when earth's interests would be over for her: and could she thus look, and thus think, and still hesitate?—Ah, no! When she heard the step of Lucius drawing nigh, she plucked a single flower from a creeping plant, that overshaded the balcony, and, keeping it in her hand as a token, to recall her better resolution, she advanced to meet him.

"It was not for this, I sent for you hither," in reply to his passionate expressions of regret and love; "you are a Roman soldier, Lucius, and I know it was neither your destiny, nor your wish, to be ever at a lady's side. Believe me, I have learned to look on this parting as on a thing inevitable;" but even as she spoke, her voice faltered.

Lucius leaned forward to console her, to whisper of re-union, of life-long re-union: "Your father has promised, dearest," he said, "that, this campaign once over, the Marcomanni once defeated, I shall be rewarded, at my return, with the hand of my Berenice."

"It may be so," she answered sadly, "if you still wish it."

"If I wish it! Berenice, of what are you dreaming?"

"I am not dreaming, Lucius Emilius, I am speaking the words of sober reality. You think of me, as of the beloved child of Flavius Torquatus; the co-heiress of his wealth and honors; of one whose hand will confer distinction. If, on your return from Germany, you should find me despoiled of all these advantages, an alien from my father's house, it may be from his heart, scorned and forgotten by my friends, despised by mankind—"

"You would still," replied Lucius, "be to me the same Berenice, whom in her hour of prosperity, I had vowed to love and to cherish; but what can be the meaning of your terrible words! why do you torture yourself, and me, by such utterly vain imaginings?"

Berenice withdrew from the encircling arm that supported her; she leaned against the slight column of the verandah; her voice was softer than the softest whisper, yet every word fell with terrible clearness on the ear of her lover "Lucius Emilius, I am a Christian."

Lucius went forth that night from the chamber of his betrothed an altered man; for the chill of disappointment had fallen on his proudest and fondest hopes. He had tried all his persuasive powers to induce the girl to forsake her new opinions; he had tried in vain; so now nought for him remained to do but to fulfil the engagement in which his honor was concerned, and then to return—to love her still, and to protect her—if necessary, with his life. He bore with him two precious gifts—to console him in absence, as far as anything could console him—the golden casket and the carrier dove.

* * * *

Berenice was again alone, not, as heretofore, in the solitude of her own luxurious apartment; not surrounded, as she was wont to be, with her books, and music, and flowers; she was alone in the solitude of a gloomy prison chamber. A small aperture near the ceiling, guarded by iron bars, admitted just light enough to show the dismal emptiness of the place, no tapestried hangings to hide the cold damp walls, no warm carpets to cover the stone floor. It contained only a low couch, and on that the maiden was seated, sometimes raising her clasped hands in the deep earnestness of prayer, sometimes covering her red and swollen eyes to hide, it might be from herself, the tears she could not restrain. Presently a low knock was heard at the door, and her father entered. Berenice shuddered, and said, "Not this, oh, let me be spared this worst grief!—yet, no! the sacrifice must be complete; give me only strength to bear it." Then she advanced, and led Flavius Torquatus to her couch, and meekly kneeling before him, prayed him yet once more to lay his hand upon her, and to bless her.

The old man answered, "It is not for this I come, unhappy girl; I come to tell you that all my entreaties have been in vain; the orders of the emperor must not be disobeyed, and his orders were, that all of your fanatical sect should be exterminated. Were Marcus here, the tears and prayers of his faithful old servant might avail; but he is beyond the Danube; to-morrow, a general execution! Oh, Berenice! my child, my child! must I live to see your blood flow forth by the hand of a common executioner!"

"I come not, as I came yesterday," he continued, after a long pause, "with tears and entreaties to move you; yesterday, I knelt to implore you to save your father's heart from breaking; and all in vain. To-day I come with harsher purpose. You asked me but now to take you in my arms and bless you, as I did when you were a little child. Berenice, if you do not abandon your infatuation, if you persist in bringing eternal dishonor on your line—Berenice, listen! may the curse of your father—"

The girl pressed his arm heavily; she tried to speak, but her parted lips were white as marble, and refused to utter a sound.

The old man looked on her; and the curse on his lips was stayed. He looked on her, and kissed her, ere he went, for he tenderly loved her mother.

"My sister!" she faintly murmured, as he moved away, but Flavius answered,

"You will never see her again; you would infect her with your superstition; I cannot be left childless in my old age." And the old man went, and as the last sound of his departing step died away, Berenice thought her worst trial was over, and she withdrew her thoughts from the world, and sought to prepare her soul for death.

Late in the following day, the people of Rome assembled in the amphitheatre, to witness the martyrdom of the Christians. Horrible deaths they died! Some were torn to pieces by wild beasts; others were burned at a slow fire! Some few were crucified, and they counted such a death an unmerited honor. Berenice was reserved for the last, and because she was of Roman and patrician blood, she was to suffer the milder punishment of decollation. The sign was given, and when it was proclaimed by the herald, that the Christian maiden was coming forth, there was so deep a silence among that vast multitude that even the advancing steps of the girl and her conductors were heard. But what was the surprise of all present, when they beheld, not one, but two young maidens, both dressed alike in white raiment, both coming forth with the same quiet step, and placid demeanor; and one, it might be the most tranquil, advanced a step toward the seat where he who governed the city, during the absence of Marcus Antonius sat, and thus addressed him.

"It is I, most noble prefect, who am Berenice the Christian; this girl, my sister, for love of me, would fain take my name and punishment on herself, but credit her not; it is I who am the condemned."

Then arose a touching dispute between the sisters—sisterly love lending one the eloquence which the other derived from truth. Many of their friends, and even of their relatives in the amphitheatre, were called on to come down and decide between them, but some spoke for one and some spoke for the other. Veronica, in her agonizing fears, had lost the light and joyous expression of her countenance; and Berenice's meek and holy hopes had chased the deep melancholy from her face and mein.

One or two brutal voices arose and said, "they both call themselves Christians, let them both die the death!" but one of the maidens answered, "think not, most noble prefect, if you thus decree that you will be guiltless of my sister's blood; she is not a Christian at heart; would to God she were! then would I no longer oppose her sharing my early death. Veronica, acknowledge the truth, and let me suffer alone." But Veronica, if she it was, persisted in her first declaration, and none could tell how this dispute would terminate, when a new incident attracted the attention of the multitude, and silenced every doubt.

A speck was seen in the air, it came lower, nearer; it was a milk-white dove. The bird fluttered round one, then drew near the other; no carressing hand was held out to receive him, but his instinct was not to be deceived; he settled on the shoulder of her who had answered the harsh voice from the crowd, and sought to nestle as he was wont in her long hair. Many were present, who knew the pet belonged to Berenice, so the people were satisfied with this decision, and the weeping Veronica, still protesting against her own identity, was torn from the arms of her sister. Then the prefect, who had been much moved at this singular scene, turned to Berenice, as she stood alone in the arena, and said,

"It is not yet too late, young maiden, to preserve thy life; have pity on thy youth and loveliness, and on the gray hairs of thy aged father. What harm is it to swear by the fortune of Cæsar and to sacrifice and be safe!" But she answered, more firmly than ever:

"I am a Christian, and I cannot sacrifice to your false gods! You condemn me to death, but I fear not to die in defence of the truth." She advanced, unbidden, to the fatal block, and knelt by it; yet, ere she joined her hands in prayer, she bent once more fondly over her little messenger bird, as if to bid farewell to the last object that toid of earthly ties. There was a small scroll of parchment under its wing; Berenice felt it, and thinking it might perhaps tell her the only tidings she cared to hear, she rose again, and holding it forth, she prayed permission to read it. The prefect did not refuse, and Berenice read, first in silence, and then aloud: "the emperor Marcus is dead, and Commodus is already proclaimed Cæsar." A loud shout rent the air. It was well known that Commodus, in his heart, favored the despised sect, and in spite of their prejudices, the beauty and heroism of Berenice had moved the hearts of her countrymen in her favor. A general outery for her release was heard, but this the prefect dared not grant. Berenice was remanded to prison until the pleasure of Commodus should be known respecting the Christians. It was not very long ere, wearied with the hardships of the camp, he returned to his capital, and his first order was, that all Christians should be released, and restored to their privileges as Roman citizens. In his train came the young Lucius; he had found leisure, amid all the excitement of glory, and the hardships of his campaign, to study the precious gift of his betrothed; at first for love of her, and afterward from a wish to know the truth. So, when their nuptials, delayed awhile by the death of Flavius Torquatus, were at last solemnized, Berenice had the deep happiness of knowing that the husband of her choice shared the sure faith and pure hope of her own spirit. They remained not long in Rome; the follies and cruelties of Commodus, rendered it distateful to them; and although Lucius stood high in his favor, as he was very capricious, they knew not how long it might remain in his power to depart or abide in safety. They, therefore, bade adieu without a sigh, to the pomp and luxuries of the capital, and embarked for a little island in the northwest of Europe, without the range of civilization, where they knew they should enjoy safety and freedom.

Berenice was perfectly happy; she gave not one regret to the magnificence she abandoned, for Lucius was with her, and as she stepped into the boat, a trembling, caressing girl clung to her, and a soft voice whispered in her ear. "My sister! whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." [The Rover.

THE TERRITORY OF OREGON.

A highly interesting lecture on this subject was delivered on Wednesday evening, before the Mercantile Library Association, by William Sturgis, Esq. The object of the lecture was to present the material facts in relation to the conflicting claims to the possession of this territory, the origin of those claims, the grounds on which they are maintained, the negotiations for settlement of them, and the present state of the question.

Four nations, it was said, had laid claim to the territory, namely, Spain, Russia, Great Britain, and the United States. The claim of Spain had been transferred to the United States, and that of Russia had been adjusted; so that the controversy now was between Great Britain and this country. The question at issue was one of relative right, and not whether either party had the exclusive territorial right; for each acknowledge that the other had some right. It was the extent of these rights which was the matter to be adjusted. The territory is the whole of that which lies west of the Rocky Mountains between lat. 42 and 54 40, embracing about 30,000 square miles.

The claim of Spain was founded on the right of first discovery, a Spanish navigator having landed in Nootka Sound and discovered California in the latter part of the last century, before any other vessel had visited those shores. Capt. Cook's discovery was four years subsequent; and Great Britain gained no title by priority of discovery. In 1788 an English captain named Mears, landed in Nootka Sound, from Macao, and commenced building a trading vessel; which was the foundation of the British claim. The following year Spain took possession of the territory, and Mears' vessel was captured; which gave rise to the famous Nootka question, that nearly involved Europe in a war. This dispute was settled in 1790 by a convention, in which, after making a liberal indemnity to Captain Mears, it was agreed that Spain and Great Britain should have equal rights of carrying on commerce and of settling on the territory. Great Britain now relies upon this for her claim.

Up to this time the United States had no claim; but as the lecturer remarked, it was important to go back to this convention of 1790, as the rights which Spain had then were now vested in us, Great Britain, under that convention, claiming an equal right with Spain.

In 1792, Capt. Robert Gray, of the ship Columbia, of Boston, entered for the first time the Columbia River, which he named, from the name of his ship. This was one ground of our claim.

In 1803, Louisiana was purchased, the north western boundary of which was never defined; and we maintained that it extended to the shores of the Pacific.

In 1805, Lewis and Clarke made the first exploration of the country from the interior to the mouth of the Columbia River; and this was another ground of our claim.

In 1812, John Jacob Astor founded the first settlement on the Columbia River, at Astoria. This was another ground of our claim. In the war of 1813, the British captured the fort and settlement of Astoria. This capture was made by a Captain Black, who expected a rich booty from the furs of the Astoria company. He was mortified and disappointed, however, to find that a few days before the whole stock of furs had been sold to British traders, to the amount of 40,000 dollars. This was called by Capt. Black a Yankee trick.

By the treaty of Ghent, all territory which had been taken by Great Britain was restored. Astoria was in compliance with this, formally restored, and again taken possession by the United States. This was another ground of our claim.

In 1819, by the Florida treaty, Spain ceded to the United States all her right to the territory.—This was another and a strong ground of our claim.

This, then, as Mr. Sturgis remarked, was the present state of the question. We had uniformly claimed exclusive possession of all the territory south of 49 deg. Great Britain had never claimed any exclusive possession, but the right of joint occupation. The claim of Great Britain rested on the possession taken by Capt. Mears, four years before the landing of Capt. Gray; on the assumption that the restoration of Astoria by the treaty of Ghent was only a restoration of our co-ordinate rights; and on the ground that the Florida treaty only invested in the United States the rights of Spain, Great Britain having equal rights under the convention of 1790.

It was evident, Mr. Sturgis said, that some of the claims of each party were plausible; that each had some rights; and that the question must be settled by compromise and mutual concession. The object of Great Britain being to extend the field of action for the fur company, and our object being to improve the territory for settlement. Mr. S. thought an equitable and satisfactory division of the territory might be made, by giving to Great Britain the right north and to the U. S. that south of 45 degrees. Each would then have the territory most suitable for its purposes. Mr. Sturgis, however, deprecated the idea of making new States out of the territory, to be annexed to our Union. He thought it would be better that Oregon should be sunk into "Simms' hole." The bounds of our Union were already, in his opinion, large enough for safety in peace or war.

Mr. S. alluded to the efforts now making in Congress to take possession of Oregon; and especially to the bill proposed by Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, for taking immediate possession of the whole territory. Such a step, he thought, would be a gross violation of treaty stipulations, and would inevitably lead to a war with great Britain. It was eminently a question to be settled by negotiation. If it should be examined and discussed with the same spirit of candor that had characterized the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary, there was no doubt it might be adjusted without difficulty or delay, and to the satisfaction of both parties.

Mr. Sturgis spoke feelingly of a third party to this question—a party whose name was never even mentioned in the discussion; whose claim did not rest upon the right of discovery or exploration, but upon actual possession for an unknown period by themselves and their fathers. But this third party was powerless. It had no fleets nor armies; and it was not the practice of civilized nations to listen to the peaceful remonstrances of the aborigines. In the march of civilization in this country, the rights of the Indians, from one end of the land to the other, had been wantonly disregarded. "The day of retribution," said Mr. Sturgis, "when justice shall be done both to the Christian destroyer and the heathen victim, will be a woful day for the white man."

Mr. S. concluded his lecture with an account of the dreadful massacre of the crew of the ship Tonquin, the ship which was sent out by Mr. Astor in 1810, for the purpose of making a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. S. said he was invited by Astor to join in the expedition, and take command of the ship; but he declined. The ship had 23 souls on board, and was commanded by a Captain Thorn, who had been in the Navy, and had some experience as a navigator, but who was ignorant of the habits and character of the Indians. On arriving upon the coast, he made his first attempt to purchase the furs of the Indians, by offering such prices as he thought proper, but which were not satisfactory to the Indians, who only answered him by laughing at him. Some altercation followed, in which Thorn became enraged, and kicked one of the chiefs out of the ship. The party of Indians left, burning with rage. Thorn was admonished by his supercargo to leave the coast, but would not heed the advice. Next morning the Indians came on board again, one party after another, till the number had so much increased as to excite Thorn's fears, who ordered the decks to be cleared and the anchor to be hove up. The Indians began now to trade, and among other things bought a large number of butcher knives, till all had supplied themselves. Capt. Thorn then ordered them to leave. He was answered by that most fearful yell, the Indian war-whoop; and there was an instantaneous rush of the Indians upon the work of carnage. In two minutes, every white man upon deck was dead or dying. Seven of the men were aloft, and endeavored to escape by dropping between decks and concealing themselves. Four of them succeeded, and after the Indians had left, escaped in a boat to the shore. The clerk of the ship, a young man by the name of Lewis, was still living, though probably mortally wounded. The men endeavored to persuade him to go with them; but he declined, saying that he was satisfied his wounds were mortal, and that he was determined upon an act of dreadful revenge. The next day some Indians put off to the ship, and the wounded Lewis made signs for them to come on board. They went, and on boarding saw nothing of Lewis. He had probably retreated to the magazine. Other Indians went on board, till a large party were apparently in quiet possession. In another instant, 100 casks of power exploded, scattering to the winds the mangled bodies of more than 100 of the principal men of the Indian nation! The four men who had escaped, were subsequently, while asleep, surprised by a party of Indians, and taken and put to death.

[Traveller.

BOSTON MUNFICENCE. The editor of the Courier, a former President of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, makes the following remarks on the recent noble donation of the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, and princely liberality of the Boston merchants generally:

We have frequently had occasion to record acts of beneficence on the part of our merchants. Most of our charitable and literary institutions have been recipients of their bounty, and their princely liberality has been the theme of praise throughout the country. But, excepting the donation of Col. Perkins to the Asylum for the Blind, we believe this is the largest sum that any individual has contributed to an object of public improvement. The stinted and parsimonious contributions which the crowned heads of Europe (who have untold revenues at their control) sometimes make for similar purposes, and which are proudly bruited through "the speaking trumpet of fame," are truly insignificant, when compared with the munificence of Perkins and Lawrence. As one among the oldest members of the Mechanic Association, we, who have labored near forty years for its prosperity, tender to Mr. Lawrence this public testimonial of our grateful sense of his patriotism, public spirit, and regard for the education, improvement and prosperity of that class of his fellow citizens to which it is our lot to belong. We trust the Association will unite with us in this expression, and that some enduring memorial of his liberality will decorate the edifice about to be erected. And yet—what will more effectually defy the tendency of all mortal things to oblivion, than the knowledge and refinement that will be dispensed from the school, where the mechanic arts will be taught and their principles illustrated? Granite and marble will crumble to atoms—"Gold frets the dust—Time rots the diamond"—but learning, knowledge, science, truth—these are indescrutable, for the Almighty has fixed upon them the seal of his own eternity.

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n16

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BRITISH NOTICES.

The following is an extract from the Liverpool Mercury, of May 29th:

By far the best English Dictionary—indeed the only one to which appeal can now be made as an authority—is Webster's; an American publication, republished in London, in two quarto volumes.

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[From Rev Dr Wayland, President of Brown University, Providence, R. I.]

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The foregoing commendation is signed by Jeremiah Day, S.T.D., LL.D., President of Yale College; Simeon Baldwin, late Judge of the Superior Court; David Daggett, LL.D., Professor of Law in Yale College, and Judge of the Superior Court, Benjamin Silliman, M.D. LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, &c., Yale College; Rev Nathaniel W. Taylor, S.T.D, Professor of Didactic Theology, Yale College; James L. Kingsley, Chauncey A. Goodrich, Denison Olmsted, Professors in Yale College; Leonard Woods, Moses Stuart, Ralph Emerson, Professors in Theological Seminary, Andover; Joshua Bates, DD. President of Middlebury College; Rev John Hough, Rev W. C. Fowler, Edward Turner, Professors in Middlebury College.

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